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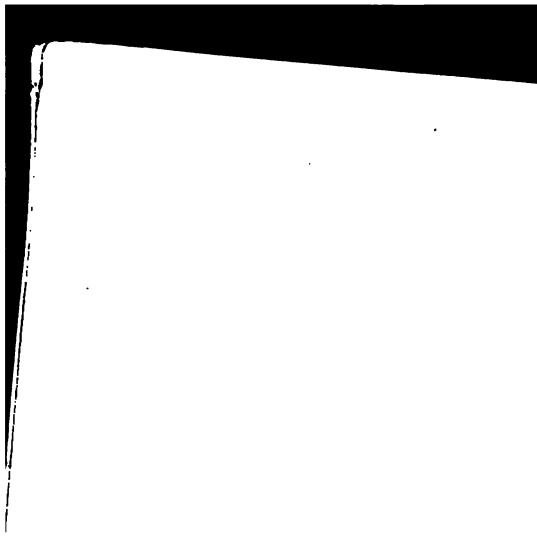
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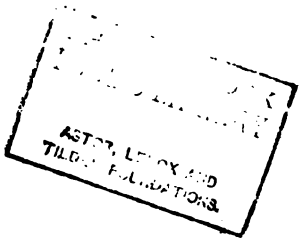


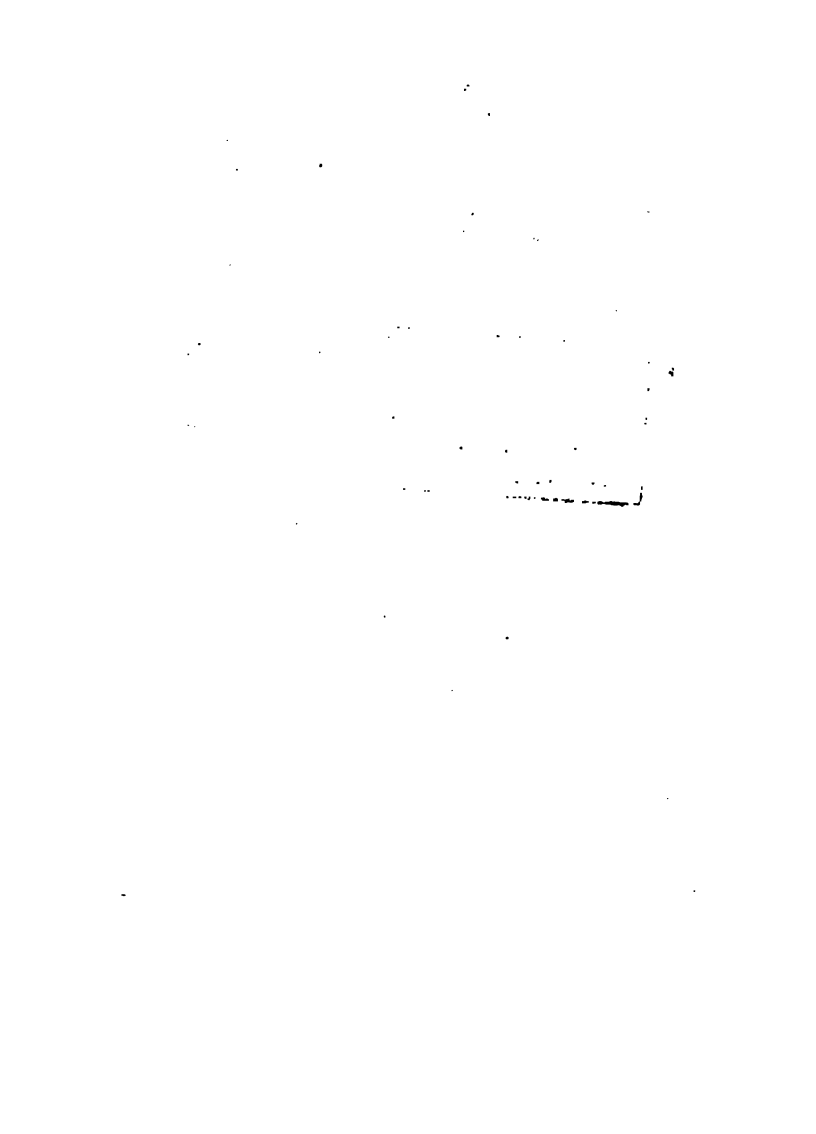







RESENTED


ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS




THE YOUTH'S



THE

YOUTH'S SKETCH BOOK.

BOSTON:
LILLY, WAIT, AND COMPANY.
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PREFACE.

The contents of this little volume are principally original; some parts however are borrowed from sources with which many of our young readers are not probably familiar.

The superior style of the embellishments will, we believe, be generally appreciated. Two of the engravings are from original designs by a native artist, and are well worthy the reader's examination. Efforts have been made, both in the mechanical and literary department of the work, to render it an enduring favorite with the young.



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YOUTH'S SKETCH BOOK.

THE HAPPY GRANDMOTHER.

BY MRS CHILD.

Dame Trueman lived in a very pleasant village, in old England. The cottage, which she hired of her richer neighbor, was small and humble; she had four orphan grandchildren to support; and she was obliged to labor hard for her daily bread. Yet dame Trueman was a very happy woman. From her earliest childhood, she had always been in the habit of preferring the comfort of others to her own; and as she grew older, it was her chief desire to be

useful, and do good in the world. It was this blessed spirit, which, even in the midst of her heaviest trials, kept her heart strong and fresh within her, and spread a cheerfulness all around her, even as the sunshine warms and brightens the homeliest landscape. When her neighbors complained of the hardships of the poor, dame Trueman replied, 'The poor man may enjoy the sight of the blue sky and the glittering stars, and the green fields, as well as the rich; the primrose springs up in the path of the cottager, and the wild thyme gives its fragrance to him, as freely as to the king. The great pictures up at the Hall are pretty things to look at; but to my mind the works of God have a more marvellous beauty; and they belong to us all.'

When her friends condoled with her, because she had lost her darling daughter, she smiled meekly through her tears, and said, 'Blessed be God! Her four little orphans are left to cheer my old age; and truly it is wonderful what a

comfort there is in little children.' And when they asked her how she would get bread for so many mouths, she looked upward reverently, and answered, 'God will provide. Little Meg can already earn a trifle by spinning; and John gets a penny, now and then, for doing errands; and James tends the squire's sheep. As for William, he is greatly given to book-learning. If he had the wherewith, like some of the gentry's sons, he would do something out of the common way. But then if he had the wherewith, perhaps he might not have the will. The will is a mighty worker — if mountains are in its way, it will cut right through, with tools of its own making. I sometimes wish I could do better for William; but this is foolish. The Lord will show him his work, and prepare the way.'

Some of the neighbors said it would not be remarkable if William did turn out a great scholar, for both his mother and grandmother knew more than people in general. But it was some-

thing better than mere human knowledge, which made them reverence that simple-hearted old lady, and call her very wise — It was her quiet, affectionate trust in Divine Providence. She believed in Him, who clothes the lilies of the field, and therefore her soul dwelt in peace, and her words were cheerful.

Dame Trueman had but one apple-tree, to shade her little cottage, and refresh her with its fruit; yet she always had some to spare for neighbors poorer than herself. One day after the apples had been gathered, she said to her grandson, 'Here, John, take this basket full of apples — carry them to Mrs Newman, and ask how the poor woman is to-day.' Little Meg was standing in the door-way, and she said, 'Grandmother, may John give two or three to Sally Ball, as he goes along?' 'Yes, darling,' replied the old lady; 'and I am glad you remembered the poor little lame creature.' John gladly took up the load, and trudged along with it as fast as

could. The old lady watched him till he was out of sight; she then turned round, and stood for a moment, gazing on the beautiful landscape. The village-church, the quiet stream, the sheep and lambs nibbling the sweet grass, were all fair to look upon; but more lovely than all these, in dame Trueman's eyes, was her own good grandson William, seated on a verdant bank, teaching his roguish little brother James to read. 'Now blessings on that boy,' thought the old lady — 'It is hard to tell what he will do with all the learning that he works for so patiently. — There is many a scholar in England, who cannot earn his bread. But God will guide it all right.' As she stood musing thus, she heard a merry whistle, — and looking up, she saw a young man come hurrying through the fields. In another moment, the stranger was in her arms — her youngest, her only son! 'Why, William,' exclaimed the delighted mother, — 'The blessing of God be upon you! Why did'nt you send word you were com-

ing?' 'Ah, it is a long way to send messages from New Holland, mother; and so I thought I would bring them myself. And are you all well?' 'All well,' answered the old lady; 'but one that you left with me has gone to Heaven.' The young man looked toward the church-yard where his sister was buried, and brushed away a tear, as he stooped to kiss her orphan children. 'The little ones are a great comfort to me — a great comfort,' said dame Trueman. 'And how do you manage to keep them so decent and comfortable, mother?' inquired the young man; 'It is a great load for you, in your old age.' The good woman looked lovingly on the orphans, as she answered, 'I could not do without them, William. God is kind.' As she spoke, she took his arm to lead him within the cottage; but her son hesitated, and blushed as he asked, 'How does neighbor Newman do? Is Betsy married' The good dame smiled, — 'And is it so, William?' she said: 'There was somebody else,'

sides your old mother, to bring you to England so soon?' 'Why, mother, you know how it has been with Betsy Newman and me. I was too poor to talk of marrying; but I told her that if I lived, and did well in New Holland, she should hear from me before five years were gone. I meant to have sent for her to come to me; but I wanted to see you, and these little ones — and, to tell the truth, my heart yearned to look upon old England again. Is Betsy well, mother?' 'Yes, my son, she is well, and doing her duty; as she always has been, ever since I knew her. Her poor mother is dying of consumption. I have just sent John there with a basket of apples; for she likes one roasted now and then. Go, my son, go. I see your heart is with Betsy; and right and natural it is, that it should be so.' The young man bounded eagerly into the fields, looking back affectionately upon his mother, as he went. 'He could not have chosen better,' said the old lady to herself. 'Betsy Newman is a

kind, good girl. And William must be doing well; or he would not have come back in three years, to get married. Truly the Lord strews my path with blessings.'

There was a joyful family at the cottage, while William Trueman was among them. The children were never weary of hearing about the cockatoos, and the kangaroos, and the parrots, and parroquets, of New Holland. 'And is it like England?' asked little Meg. 'Oh, no — not at all like England; but it is very beautiful, for all that,' rejoined her uncle. 'You know I do not exactly live in New Holland, but in an island near it, called Van Dieman's Land. The trees there are all evergreens. The most common tree is called the *white gum*. It is tall, and has no leaves except at the very top. This makes it look rather gloomy — quite different from our old oaks, with their fine, spreading branches. But there is another tree, called the *black gum*, which is very much like our English elms.

There is a fine clump of them near my house' 'House!' exclaimed little James,—'Have you got a house, uncle?' 'Yes, my boy, I have a house, and a little patch of land, and if you will go to New Holland with me, and be a smart boy, you will own house and lands before you are as old as I am. Seriously, mother, I want to take you, and all the children, back with me. They can earn three times as much there, as they can in England; and they never shall want for a friend, so long as I live.' 'But I am an old tree to be transplanted, William,' replied dame Trueman. 'Old, but with a heart of oak,' said her son, smiling; 'and, mother, we will move you to a kindly soil, and tend you carefully.' The old lady pressed his hand, and answered, 'I am willing to do what is for the good of the little ones. England is over full; and has more mouths, than bread to spare. But your namesake, William, is no great hand for hard work. He is altogether given to book-learning; and the chaplain up at

the Hall, has been kind enough to teach him a great deal. What will he do in such a new country?' 'Oh, mother, education is the very thing we want in New Holland. We want ministers, and we want school-masters. William will be worth his weight in gold, if he is a good scholar.' 'Then God be praised, that a way is opened for him!' replied the old lady: 'I would fain have died within sight of the church-yard, where your good father and Margaret sleep. But they are in heaven; and heaven will be as near me in New Holland, as it is in England.' 'Yes, my mother,' said the young man, in a tone of deep reverence,—'such as you are always near to heaven.'

From that day, it was determined that all the family should accompany William; and busy preparations were made for their departure. Mrs Newman died in a few days; but she lived to bless William and her daughter, and to bid them marry and be happy, as soon as she was *laid peacefully* in the earth.

Betsy Newman was married at the village church; and the Squire, who lived at the great Hall, invited all the family, and many of the neighbors, to a supper in honor of the wedding; and when he bade them good night, he gave young William many useful books, and maps, and mathematical instruments. 'Continue to be eager in the pursuit of knowledge, my lad,' said he; 'for in every corner of the earth it will prove a blessing.'

The next morning, dame Trueman led the orphans to their mother's grave, at early sunrise; and bidding them kneel around it, she prayed fervently that God would bless them in their distant home, and make them good children on earth, fit to become angels in heaven. Then taking a last look at her cottage, she placed them all in the wagon, that was waiting by the road-side; and with a serene countenance bade farewell to her native village.

During the voyage little Meg sometimes com-

plained of the cold; and the young boys were frightened, when the ship rocked in the gale; but dame Trueman, aged as she was, and unpleasantly affected by the smell of the bilge water, had always a word of comfort to bestow upon her grandchildren. The light-hearted creatures soon became accustomed to the ocean, and found sufficient entertainment in watching the sea-birds and porpoises.

The family arrived at Van Diemen's Land in safety; and though everything looked new and strange, they all agreed that it would soon seem very much like home.

William's house was larger than his mother's cottage in England, but it was not so comfortable; being built of logs and planks, well plastered with sand and clay. In the warmest and most sheltered corner of the dwelling was prepared a neat apartment for dame Trueman. Two cows, two goats, some sheep, and some hens, feeding in the adjoining pasture, gave the

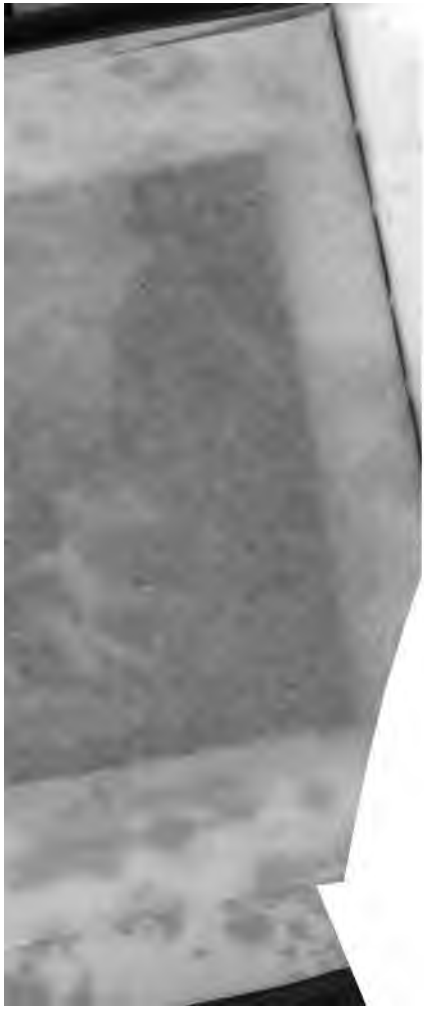
scenery an air of rural comfort and quiet beauty. But what pleased little Meg more than anything, was a tame kangaroo, that lapped tea from her bowl, and picked a bone like a monkey. The odd manner in which these animals jump along upon their hind legs amused the children exceedingly. They thought, too, that it looked very queer to see the bright parrots flying about among the trees, without needing any cages to live in; and they never seemed fully to understand why there were no such creatures in England.

Dame Trueman loved the cows and the sheep better than any of the strange animals. 'Old folks,' said she, 'are apt to like such things as they have been most used to. But with a bright sky, and pleasant fields, and William and Betsy, and my grandchildren round me, I can truly say, with a thankful heart, that I feel at home in this distant land. I have sometimes thought it was rather hard that people willing to work

could not get food in England. But I can see the hand of Divine Providence in this. The clever, industrious, and honest people, who are driven from England by poverty, are settling in Asia, in Africa, and America; and who can calculate the good they will do? I sometimes think,' she continued, 'that all the world will become one England — and that, too, when England is far better than she is now.'

Thus, ever looking on the bright side, and finding blessings where others saw nothing but evil, dame Trueman passed her useful and blameless life. When too old to perform any other labor, she managed to knit stockings for all the family, and to tell Betsy's children the same stories that used to amuse little Meg. At three score years and ten, she quietly passed into the world of spirits; leaving the precious influence of her example to bless her children and her children's children.





GEORGE AND HIS DOG.

In a lordly castle, rich and gay,
There lives a little boy—
And often he goes out to play,
With his good dog Le Roy.

The garden it is very fair,
With many fine old trees—
And little George can frolic there,
Whenever he may please.

He is a kind and gen'rous child,
With heart brim full of love—
His gentle eyes are bright and mild,
As a pretty turtle-dove.

Yet Georgy loves a caper too,
As well as brisk Le Roy —
A thousand things that dog will do,
To please the darling boy.

Sometimes he runs all round and round,
To catch his own black tail —
Then quickly scampers o'er the ground,
For George's little pail.

And oft the faithful dog will kneel,
When master wants to ride —
And very proud he seems to feel,
While Georgy climbs his side.

But once he tried to spring away,
When George would mount his back —
Because he saw a squirrel play
With nuts he had to crack.

No doubt he thought t' would be good fun
The pretty thing to scare —
But his young master cried, 'Come, come!
Le Roy, that is not fair!

'You are a *great* dog, — bold and strong, —
The squirrel has no wings —
And sure you know 'tis very wrong
To fright poor helpless things!'

Le Roy still looked with eager eye,
And wagged his tail in glee —
But Georgy soothed him coaxingly,
To let the squirrel be.

The timid little creature saw
How fierce the dog looked up —
But still he held within his paw
The precious acorn cup.

He peeped at George's smiling face, —
And, trusting to his care,
He kept his quiet resting-place,
And ate his dinner there.

He felt a spirit of pure love
Around that gentle boy —
As if good angels from above
Watched over him in joy.

And true it is — the angels shield
That blessed infant's head —
They're with him in the verdant field —
They guard his little bed.

They keep his heart like a young dove –
They make his eye so mild —
For dearly do the angels love
A gentle little child.

ANGELS NEAR US.

Matthew, xviii, 10.

Is it, is it so, dear Saviour!
  Guardian Angels, strong and bright,
Shining from our Father's presence,
  Watch around us day and night?

Have we, then, our Sister Angels,
  Or our seraph brothers there,—
One with us, in kindred feeling,
  One in hope, and one in prayer?

And do they, undimmed, beholding
  Our Redeemer's glorious face,
Feel, when we are grieved or wounded,
  All our sorrow and distress?

Blest indeed thy least disciple,
Represented thus above!
Who would value wealth or glory,
When compared with Angels' love?

Courage! courage! every one —
Angels all your paths attend,
Sent on embassies of mercy,
From your everlasting Friend!

THE LOST CHILD.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Not many years ago, an event took place, which called forth a somewhat remarkable display of fortitude and perseverance in a boy not twelve years of age. Alfred Meadows was the son of parents, who were poor in circumstances, but honest and well-informed. When nine years old, he lost his father, who bequeathed to his son neither money nor lands, but, what was far better than either, good principles and a good example.

Alfred tilled with industry the few acres, which yielded a competent support to him and his mother. He had not much time for study,

but his few leisure moments were carefully employed in improving his mind. He would occasionally visit the mansion of a gentleman in the neighborhood, Mr Clare, who would permit him to enter his library, and take away such books as he might wish to read. At such times, he would generally see the daughter of the master of the house, little Edith, whose blue eyes and light golden hair, added to her kind and lively disposition, rendered her to every one an object of interest and affection. She was indeed a child, whose presence was like sunshine to the gloomiest heart:

'No fountain from its rocky cave
Ere tripped with foot so free;
She was as happy as a wave,
That dances on the sea.'

Few persons could be sad in her presence, and few so unhappy, as not to be won for a time

from the recollection of their sorrows, by her earnest and unwearied attempts to soothe them and make them smile. The negroes on her father's estate displayed their shining teeth in an unusual expression of delight as she approached them, and a word from 'Miss Edith' was to them a real and lasting pleasure.

It was a cold and gusty day in February, when the people on the plantation were dismayed by the intelligence, that Edith Clare had disappeared, no one knew whither. You may judge of the concern with which this news was received. Mr Clare, on hearing it, was thrown into a state of agitation, which made him truly an object of pity. He immediately gave orders, that a strict search should be made for the child, and offered a reward of several hundred dollars to the person, who should find her.

Parties of negroes were soon formed and placed under the command of white leaders; and dispersing in various directions, they search-

ed for a long time with the most careful scrutiny.

Alfred Meadows, on hearing of little Edith's disappearance, hastened to her father's house, and joined a party, which was about to set off in search of her. This party was headed by a white man, named Leary. They proceeded into the woods, and after having walked ten or twelve miles, were overtaken by the darkness of night. Their search had been unsuccessful. They had frequently shouted the child's name, and Alfred had several times discharged his rifle, in the hope that Edith would hear the report, and discover herself to their view.

It was now night, and the air was extremely cold for a southern clime. Leary gave order for the party to return. 'It is of no use,' he exclaimed; 'the child could not have walked so far as this place, and it is idle for us to wander about here any longer.'

Alfred was startled at this sudden com-

He was surprised that the search should be so soon abandoned, and hastily remarked: 'O, do not turn back yet. Look! here is a trail, which may be hers. Come—a little farther. Courage!'

Leary was a passionate man, and turning to Alfred, he said: 'Boy, do you talk to me of courage? I have given orders. It is your duty to obey them, and you shall.' 'Not while a chance of finding little Edith, remains,' replied Alfred. 'You may go; but I will hunt, till I find her. So, good night!'

As he said these words, Alfred started forth, to leave his party; but Leary seized him by the arm, and held him back. 'Would you be lost also?' he asked: 'Come, come along, or we shall have to go in search of *you* to-morrow.'

'Let me go, Mr Leary,' said the boy, firmly, but respectfully.

'No, no, Alfred; you must come along with us. Why, you would freeze before morning in these woods. I am shivering myself now.'

'I do not fear the cold, sir. I must go.'

'Not so easily done as said,' replied Leary, and he was about to call two of the negroes to hold the boy, when Alfred, with a strong effort, threw off the grasp which detained him, and was again free. He ran a short distance, and Leary pursued him, but soon found that he was not a match for him in swiftness, and gave up the chase.

Several of the negroes would have joined Alfred, but they were trembling with cold, and moreover considered it their duty to obey Mr Leary.

Ten minutes after this adventure, Alfred Meadows was alone in the forest, and out of the hearing of any human being. The stars were shining bright. The wind stirred the tops of the trees in fitful gusts, and the frost lay cold and white upon the ground. Alfred felt as if he were in the presence of his Maker; and leaning upon his gun, he breathed a devout prayer to that Being, who is ever present, and whose

is every where upon us. He was strengthened and cheered in spirit by his solitary devotions, and he moved onward with a light step. Occasionally he stopped, and felt upon the cold dry moss, to ascertain if it had been crumbled by the impression of light footsteps; but he succeeded in finding no clue to his search by this means.

At last he came to a spot, where it seemed to him, that the bushes had been slightly trodden down. He followed the trail, and in the course of a few minutes, stood upon a ledge of rocks. Here he stopped, and listened, and fired his gun. The report rang clear and loud through the lonely woods, and the echo was repeated far and wide.

Alfred had entered a small pathway between two high rocks, when he heard a suppressed sob, such as might proceed from a child who had wept itself asleep. He listened attentively, and his heart beat rapidly at the thought, that the sound might proceed from little Edith. He

hastened on, gently calling her by name. He had not called many times, ere a little voice replied, 'Who speaks!'

The next moment, Alfred clasped little Edith in his arms. She was cold, wearied and alarmed; but at once recognized him, and was full of thanks, and joy, and tears at her preservation.

'O, Alfred,' said she, 'I thought that I should be lost, and never see my dear papa again. I walked till I could not stand, and then I sat down on the rocks and cried, and said my prayers. And did you really come in search of me? 'Tis cold, and I am crying still, but it is because I am glad.'

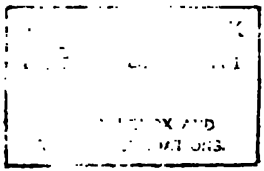
Alfred took off his coat, and threw it over the little girl, and lifting her in his arms, he hastened forward by the nearest pathway. As he proceeded, Edith described to him the manner in which she had strayed from home. She was playing in the road, when a man in a cart passed by, and began talking with her. He was a

pedlar, and had a plenty of bright tin ware, and wooden clocks, and gilt jewellery, and combs, and other articles in his cart. He permitted Edith to get up by his side, and ride with him. He told her many queer stories, as they went along, and the little girl forgot that she was at some distance from her home. At last, the pedlar stopped, and told her, that 'he guessed she had better run home now, and that he should come along that way again in three or four years, when he would tell her the rest of a story, which he had then just begun.'

Edith jumped down from the cart, and the pedlar proceeded on his journey. But the poor little girl soon found herself at a loss to find the right path to her home, and after wandering several hours, she sat down on the rocks, where Alfred found her. He kissed her, as she finished her story, and increased his speed. In less than an hour, he reached the door of a hut, at which he knocked. He found that it belonged to a kind-

hearted negro family, who had heard of little Edith, and were proud and glad to receive her. They kindled a fire, that she might warm herself, and then preparing a beverage from some simple herbs, they gave it to her to drink, that it might prevent her taking cold. They then set before her some inviting food, and afterwards placing her on a clean bed, they soon saw her in a refreshing sleep.

The next day, how great was Alfred's satisfaction in restoring the little girl to her afflicted father. The boy had been influenced by no mercenary motive, for he did not know of the offered reward, till it was pressed upon him by Mr Clare. Even then, Alfred refused to receive it, and his mother was after all obliged to accept it herself. Nothing could exceed the gratitude of Mr Clare and his family. Alfred was afterwards sent to college, and by industry and perseverance, he rose to eminence and respectability.





THE ESCAPE.

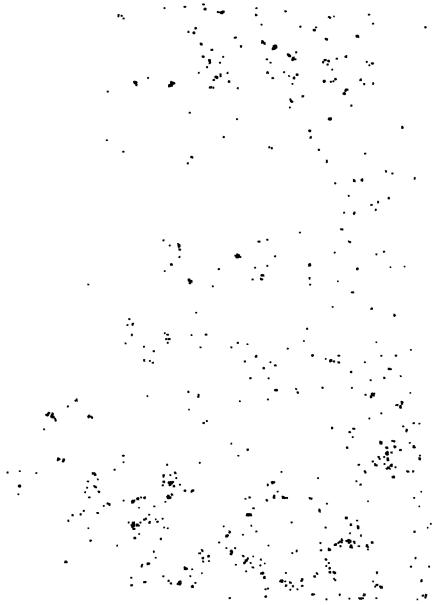
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"Come back [illegible]
the trees,
You bright [illegible]
We would [illegible]
In using [illegible]

"We did [illegible]
To [illegible]
You'd all [illegible]
The [illegible]

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You [illegible]
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THE ESCAPE OF THE DOVES.

'Come back, pretty doves! Oh! come back from
the tree,
You bright, little, fugitive things!
We would not have thought you so ready and free
In using your beautiful wings.

'We did not suppose, when we lifted the lid
To see if you knew how to fly,
You'd all flutter off in a moment, and bid
The basket forever good bye!

'Come down; and we'll feast you on insects and
seeds;
You sha'nt have occasion to roam—
We'll give you all things that a bird ever needs
To make it contented at home.

'Then, come pretty doves! O, return for our sakes,
And don't keep away from us thus;
Or, when your old slumbering master awakes,
'Twill be a sad moment for us.'

'We can't!' said the birds, 'and the basket may stand
A long time in waiting, for, now,
You find out too late, that a bird in the hand
Is worth, at least, two on the bough.

'And we, from our height, looking down on you there,
By experience taught to be sage,
Find, one pair of wings that are free in the air
Are worth two or three, in the cage.

But, when our old master has waked, and shall find
The work you have now been about,
We hope, by the freedom we love, he'll be kind,
And spare you for letting us out.

We thank you for all the fine stories you tell,
And all the good things you would give;
But think, since we're out, we shall do very well
Where nature designed us to live.

Whenever you think of the swift little wings
On which from your reach we have flown,
No doubt, you'll beware, and not meddle with things
In future, that are not your own.

THE SAILOR BOY'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS HALE.

HARK! hark! 'tis the signal!
The breezes are steady,
The anchor is weighing,
And we must be ready.
Farewell, my dear mother,
I fear thou'lt be lonely—
But oh, do not sorrow,
I'll think of thee only.

And dread not the danger,
Though I'm on the billow,
I know my kind Saviour
Will watch o'er my pillow.

The sea owns his sceptre,
When its path he was treading,
The winds and the water
Grew calm at his bidding.

We'll trust him, we'll trust him,
We'll pray, and he'll hear us,
On land or on water
Alike he'll be near us—
Let this song bear to him
Our heart's pure devotion,
And under his guidance,
I'll launch on the ocean.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

Behold! a little baby boy,
A happy babe is he:
His face, how bright,
His heart, how light,
His throne his mother's knee.

Now in her face with laughing eye
I see him gaily peep,
And now, at rest
Upon her breast
He gently sinks to sleep.

His lips are red, his teeth like pearls,
The rogue! he has but two;

His golden hair,
How soft and fair,
His eyes, how bright and blue.

His tiny hands are white and plump,
And, waking, or asleep,
Beneath his clothes
His little toes
How cunningly they peep!

Oh many things are beautiful,
The bird that sings and flies —
The setting sun,
When day is done —
The rainbow in the skies.

My own pet lamb is innocent,
And full of play is he —
The violet
With dew drops wet
Is sweet and fair to me.

But there is one more beautiful,
Gay, tender, sweet and mild,
A baby boy
With heart of joy
A loved and loving child.

THE BROWN LINNET.

A BOY that heard a bird sing in a cage, went to his mother to ask if he might have such a one; but his mother's answer was, that she did not think it right to trust boys with birds; for when the poor little creatures are shut up in cages, they cannot provide food for themselves as they do when they fly abroad in the fields and woods, but must have constant care taken of them. The cage must be cleaned, and fresh sand or gravel strewed over the bottom of it very often, or else they will become sick. They must be fed with seeds; and the cage must be hung in some very secure place, or else cats, whose nature it is to

kill birds, will get at and destroy them. Now there are very few boys who would not forget to do these things, and then what would become of the poor bird?

This boy we are speaking of did not say any thing, but he thought in his own mind that his mother was cross not to let him have the bird, and that he knew what was right better than she did. In a few days he went to see his aunt, who lived in the country. There he got a bird-trap set in the field, and soon caught a brown linnet, which with great joy he put in a cage, and hid it in the room where he slept.

This poor linnet had been as merry a little bird as ever flew; and in the spring time of the year, when the green leaves came out on the trees, it had built, with bits of sticks, straw, and moss, a snug and curious little nest to live in. And there *it had* laid its eggs, and then had set on them, till *the shells* broke, and the young ones came out.

Young birds, when they first come out of the shell, are not fledged, that is, they have no feathers on their wings, nor can they, till they grow older and get their feathers, fly out of the nest to seek for food; so when these young linnets were hungry, they made a chirping noise, and then away the old linnet flew to the fields, or into the farm-yard, where she picked up corn, or seeds, or crumbs in her bill, to feed her helpless young ones in the nest. In a little time, had she not been taken in the trap, she would have taught her young ones how to fly, and where to seek for food for themselves.

What, alas! when she was caught in the trap, and shut up in a cage, became of the little birds that were left alone in the nest? Ah! poor things, they chirped and chirped in vain all that day, for their mother to come and feed them, and at night they were cold and wretched, because their mother was not there to cover them with *her wings.* On the next day, as soon as it was

that had more strength than the rest
ıe edge of the nest, to look out perhaps
ıother, and a puff of wind came, and
from the edge of the nest down to the
. It was not killed by the fall, but it was
nd bruised, and could not get out of the
of some horses that were coming along the
, and it was trod upon and crushed to
es. The other two lived a little longer, but
y did not suffer less pain; for it must be a
d thing to die of cold and hunger. For want
f their mother to feed them by day, and keep
hem warm by night, they were soon starved
to death.

The brown linnet meanwhile was shut up in
the cage, where she beat her head and wings
against the wires with vain efforts to get out. I
this boy had not had a hard heart, he could
have borne to see the bird droop, and pant
fear and pain, but would have lifted up th
f the cage, and set her free. For some

always clea
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always cleaned the cage in the morning, and gave the bird fresh seeds to eat, and water to drink; but in a few days he grew quite tired of the trouble, and was angry that the linnet drooped and pined, and would not jump about and sing to him: so then he became careless, and often left her for many hours with nothing but the husks of the seeds in the cage. The poor bird now became weak and sickly; and one night, when the room door was left standing open, a large tabby cat came in and leaped upon the cage. The wires were so close to each other, that the cat could not force his paw between them, but he darted out his sharp claws, and as the linnet flew wildly, in her fright, from side to side of the cage, she got many wounds and scratches. Before morning the poor brown linnet lay dead on the bottom of the cage.

Thus a merry harmless bird, that sang a sweet song of joy when it was free, that built with pains and labor its own little nest to dwell in,

and reared with care and kindness its helpless young ones, was made to suffer more pain and torment than we know how to describe, by a foolish, wilful, and cruel boy.



Massacre des Innocents



THE FROLIC.

\WAY! away! for the school is done,
And we've nothing to do but to play;
)ome, Henry, Eliza, every one,
To our evening frolic away.

nd now what shall it be?—'Hide and Seek,'
'Hunt the Slipper,'—or play 'Cup and Ball?"
)me, some of you quickly must speak,
For a frolic we'll have one and all.

ıe, dear Frank, shall I bind up your eyes,
ere are corn sheaves in which we can hide;
a thousand dark corners likewise,
d the room, it is lengthy and wide.

But aha! here comes Ponto and Tray,
And now I know well what we'll do;
We'll have them for dolls in our play,
And stand them up here,—what say you

Thus spake little Jane, as she drest
Poor Pont in her own purple shawl;
And smilingly placed him at rest,
With his back up against the stone wall.

The children again and again,
Laugh'd loud at the dog in his gown;
While *he* kept his eye upon Jane,
As if begging for leave to get down.

But soon at his side she plac'd Tray,
Who seem'd to be rather afraid,
As she folded his long ears away,
And plac'd Grandpapa's hat on his head.

There! what think of my dolls now said Jane,
Say, are they not pretty and trim;
But 'tis time we should loose them again,
For the twilight already grows dim.

And now hush'd on their pillows, each child
In the sweet sleep of innocence lay;
But oft in their slumbers they smiled,
As they dreamt of poor Ponto and Tray.

FOOLISH FEARS.

CLARA HAMMOND had a silly habit of screaming when she saw a spider, an earwig, a beetle, a moth, or any kind of insect; and the sound of a mouse behind the wainscot of the room made her suppose she should die with fright. The persons with whom she lived used to pity her for being afraid, and that made her fond of the silly trick, so that she became worse daily, and kept the house in a constant tumult and uproar; for she would make as much noise about the approach of a poor insect not much larger than the head of a pin, as if she had seen half-a-*dozen* hungry wolves coming with open jaws to *devour her.*

Clara Hammond was once asked by Mrs Wilson, a very good lady, to go with her into the country, and Clara was much pleased at the thought of going to a house where there was a charming garden and plenty of nice fruit. But the country is a sad place for people who encourage such foolish fears, because one cannot walk in a garden or field without seeing numbers of harmless insects.

Mrs Wilson, with her coach full of guests, arrived at her country-house just before dinner, and as soon as that meal was over, Clara begged leave to go out into the shrubbery. It was a charming place; and Clara was quite delighted with the clusters of roses and all the sweet-smelling shrubs and flowers that seemed to perfume the air. But as she was tripping along, behold on a sudden a frog hopped across the path. It was out of sight in a moment; yet Clara could go no further; she stood still and shrieked with terror. *At the same* instant she saw a slug creeping up-

on her frock, and she now screamed in such a frantic manner that her cries reached the house. The company rushed out of the dining parlor, and the servants out of the kitchen. Mrs Wilson was foremost, and in her haste to see what was the matter, she stumbled over a stone, and fell with such violence against a tree, that it cut her head dreadfully; she was covered with a stream of blood, and was taken up for dead.

It was soon known that the sight of a slug and a frog was all that ailed Miss Clara, and then how angry and scornfully did every one look at her, to think that her folly had been the cause of such a terrible disaster. Clara Hammond had not a bad heart, and when she heard Mrs Wilson's groans of pain while the doctors were dressing her wounds, she wept bitterly, and sorely repented her silly unmeaning fears.

Mrs Wilson was in great danger for many *days*, and Clara crept about the house in the *most forlorn* manner, for no one took any notice

of her, and she dared not go out in the garden, for fear still of meeting some mighty monster of a snail, or something equally alarming. At length Mrs Wilson grew better, and then she sent for Clara to her room, and talked to her very kindly and very wisely, on the folly of fearing things which had not the power to hurt her, and which were still more afraid of her than she could be of them; and with reason, since she was stronger, and had far more power to hurt and give pain, than a thousand frogs or mice had.

Clara promised that she would try to get the better of her fault, and she soon proved that her promise was sincere.

One day she was with Mrs Wilson in her chamber, and this good lady being fatigued and sleepy, gave Clara a book of pretty stories to divert her, and begged the little girl would make no noise while she slept. Mrs Wilson lay down on the bed, and Clara sat on a stool at some little distance. All was as still as possible; and after

some time, as Clara chanced to lift her eyes from her book, she saw not far from her a spider, who was spinning his web up and down from the ceiling. She was just going to scream, when she thought of the mischief she had already done to Mrs Wilson, and she forbore. At the same moment, she turned her head to the other side, a little gray mouse sat on the table, nibbling some crumbs of sweetcake that had been left there. Clara now trembled from head to foot, but she had so much power over herself, that she neither moved nor cried out. This effort, though it cost her some pain at first, did her good; for in a minute or two she left off trembling. Her fear went away by degrees, and then she could observe and wonder at the curious manner in which the spider spun long lines of thread out of its own mouth, and made them fast to each other and the wall, just as he pleased; and could also admire the sleek coat and bright eyes of the *gray mouse on* the table. Clara's book

from her lap, and as she stooped to catch it, that it might not fall on the floor, she was seen by the two visitors, who instantly fled away to their retreats in the greatest fright possible. Neither spider nor gray mouse appeared again that day; and ever after Clara Hammond had courage and prudence, and took care not to do mischief to others, nor deprive herself of pleasure, by the indulgence of foolish fears.

GRANDMOTHER'S PUPILS.

Well, grandma, here we are, you see,
Sister, Horatio, George and I —
As busy, each one, as a bee,
Amidst the dew that sparkles by.

For we remember well you said
The other day among the flowers,
That all our life-time should be led
As unforgetful of the hours

As the brown bee that buzz'd about
The clover and the butter-cup;
Forever diving in and out,
And drawing loads of honey up!









And we remember too the hive
You pointed to us — where we saw
How hard the little rogues did strive
To do the work they enter'd for;

And, then you recollect you said
That nothing good would e'er be ours,
If we spent mornings in our bed,
Which the bees spent among the flowers.

So, since that, we have tried, each one,
To do the best we could, grandmother —
Each morning mounting with the sun,
And cheering up, and on, each other.

Our little sister, as you see,
Resolves, like you, to knit and spin;
Though, for her thread, 'twixt you and me,
I would'nt yet give quite a pin.

And George too, and Horatio, there,
Till breakfast lie among the grass,
As busy and as bright a pair,
As if amid their school and class.

Reading that last new picture-book,
Call'd Master Parley's Magazine,
Which you said all the children *took*
From eight years upward to fourteen.

And as for me, grandmother, see
How brave a basket I can fill;
I can lug apples you'll agree
As well as James can meal from mill.

And for my part I'm glad you told
That story to us of the bees —
And should we grow up to be old,
We shall remember on our knees,

As often as we kneel in prayer,
Who 'twas that taught us first to find
How blessed is this morning air,
By lessons still so new and kind.

Well we'll remember who it was,
That taught us every hour was given
In mercy to all men — because
All need it to prepare for Heaven!



JANE AND JUMPER.

In a green, narrow, shady lane, not far fro
the noble manor-house of Sir John Howa
stood a small hut or hovel, in which there dw
old Mary Hudson, her daughter Jane, and
dog Jumper.

Mary was a good woman, though very p
and Jane was a clean, lively, healthy, and p
little girl. Jumper indeed had no beauty to
of, but Mary and Jane were both as fond o
as though he had been as handsome as
Howard's fat French lap-dog, with
curling silky coat, that always lay on a

fed with dainty bits from the hands of his mistress, and, when she took the air, was carried in the arms of a footman. Now Jumper was a large rough black dog, and as he got very little to eat, he was meagre and thin, which did not add to his beauty.

Though Jumper was quiet enough when other people came to the cottage, yet when Lady Howard called, which she sometimes did to give Mary a trifle of money, he would bark and make a sad noise. Perhaps he did not like to see Floss, the lap-dog, carried in a man's arms, but thought he might as well walk; or perhaps the footman had treated him ill. Whether either of these things were or were not the case I cannot tell; but certain it is, that Jumper was always noisy and ill-behaved when Floss was brought to the cottage.

One day Lady Howard said, I wonder, Mary Hudson, that you do not get rid of that ugly barking cur. You can scarcely find food for yourself, *and can* have nothing to spare for his support.

Give him away, or, if no one will take the creature, you had better have him drow Ah! no, my Lady, said Mary Hudson, I c not part with poor Jumper; for when my was first able to walk, she fell into a deep p and while I was screaming and crying for and thinking my poor child was gone for Jumper came, sprung into the water, laid ho her clothes, and brought the poor baby out hurt. He was then Gaffer Hunt's dog, and not very well used, so I begged him of G Hunt; for though I have but little food to him, yet he is better off here with kind t ment, than he was where he had both fare and hard blows. I hope your Ladyshi not think I do wrong in being grateful even dog that saved the life of my child.

Lady Howard, having heard this story, pr Mary Hudson's kindness to her dog, and *that time she* often sent cold meat to the *of which* Jumper always had a share.

Mary Hudson got her living by spinning flax into thread, which is woven into linen cloth to make shirts, shifts, sheets, towels, and many other useful things. When she had spun a quantity of thread, Jane put it in a basket, and carried it to the weaver, who paid her for it, and with that money she went to market, and bought bread and potatoes. Jumper always went with her; and when Jane's arm was tired with the weight of the basket, she used to set it down, and Jumper would take it up with his teeth, and carry it as far as he was able. When they had not to go to the weaver's, or to the market-town, they used to run races up and down the lane, or Jumper would fetch and carry to please his little mistress. They were a most loving pair of playfellows, and never knew what it was to quarrel.

The cottage that Mary Hudson lived in wanted repair; but Mary, who was busy all day long at her spinning wheel, did not observe that the roof of her hut was likely to give way; so one night,

and Jane were in bed, and Jumper
the door, down came the whole roof of
ge. It must have killed them both, only
n such a way that it lay sloping over the
ad did not touch them.— Yet they were
shut up, and must have died for want of air
very short time, but for the care of Jumper.
a dog was also not hurt, and soon scratched
nself a passage through the rubbish. He had
o sooner got out, than away he ran to the ma-
ior-house, and there he howled and scratched at
the door till he was heard by some of the family.
The coachman got up, and came down with a
whip to drive him away; but as soon as he open-
ed the door, Jumper seized him by the coat, and
tried to pull him towards the cottage. The m
beat him off, yet still he came back, howled
cried, and seemed to beg for help. The gard
at length came down, and said he was sure
thing was wrong at the cottage, and that h
follow the dog to learn the meaning of

He did so, and found the cottage fallen down, and Mary Hudson and Jane buried under the ruins. Three or four active men soon dug them out; and Oh, what a joyful meeting took place between them and Jumper, who in this instance had saved two lives!

Lady Howard took Mary and Jane into her own house till the cottage could be rebuilt; and ever after her Ladyship was more fond of ugly, faithful Jumper, than of handsome Floss, the useless lap-dog.

NATURE'S LESSONS.

'Our Father who art in Heaven.'

1.

As late my little boy and I,
  Our evening ramble took,
Among the shelter'd paths that lie
  Beside the winding brook;

2.

Just at the closing of the day,
  We met a funeral train,
That to the grave yard bent its way,
  Along the village lane.

3.

We follow'd to the church yard wall,
We saw the grave, and spade,
My eager boy would fain know all,
For whom, and why 'twas made.

4.

I told him 'twas a father's grave,
I spoke of death, and Heaven,
Of Him who came our souls to save,
Whose life for us was given.

5.

He listen'd, tears were in his eye,
Trembling he turn'd to me,
Father, if you should also die,
Who would my father be?

6.

I took his hand, look forth my love,
On all this pleasant scene,

The hills, the stream, the shady grove,
The meadows smooth and green.

7.

See on the slopes those flocks of sheep,
Like drifts of winter's snow,
The cows, that feed beneath the steep,
Where all our spring flowers grow.

8.

The noisy insects passing by,
The birds upon their nest,
The busy bees with loaded thigh,
Returning to their rest.

9.

Then look above, where yonder sky,
Its curtain o'er us spreads,
With all its shining stars that lie,
Like lamps above our heads.

10.

You have, my child, a father there,
Who sees you night and day,
Who guards you with a parent's care,
And listens when you pray.

11.

By him the highest hills were made,
The fields and valleys low,
He rais'd for us this thicket's shade,
And bade the rivers flow.

12.

'Tis he who scatters seed around,
Who clothes with grass the fields,
And at his will, the fertile ground
Its fruits and flowers yields.

13.

The flocks and herds who feel his care,
Securely feed, and stray,

And birds and insects through the air,
In safety, wing their way.

14.

You too, my child, that goodness guides,
Through darkness and through light,
For all your wants by day provides,
And watches you by night.

15.

Should death then rob you of my care,
Look up beyond the sky,
And think you have a father there,
Who will not, cannot die.

A PUZZLE.

It is required to discover a certain word, consisting of eight letters, by the following means:

The 3d, 6th, 5th and 7th letters from this word combined, express the name of a character to be avoided, as being derogatory to the good standing of any individual in honorable society, and upon whom the severest denunciations are pronounced in the Holy Bible.

Letters 1st, 5th and 4th signify an appendage which is indispensable to the complement of a brewery.

Letters 2d, 5th, 7th is one of the means by which persons and things are often wafted from one landing place to another.

Letters 4th, 6th, 7th, 8th, are the means of preserving carriage wheels from that damage, to which they are liable from the rough usage which they experience.

Letters 3d, 2nd, 1st, 8th, is a principle, which should govern all the motives intended to be beneficial to mankind.

The whole word should be an example, from which all persons, who have any regard to the keeping of a good conscience, should take warning.

It is required to discover a certain word of five letters, from which the following combinations are obtained:

The 3d, 4th and 5th letters from this word is the name given to a counterpart of the whole.

The 5th, 2nd and 1st will convey the idea of present time.

The whole word is the name given to one of the greatest blessings conferred upon mankind.

THE MAY FLOWER.

THERE's a bright little flower,
That blooms in the woods,
That all may have seen in the earliest spring,
It peeps out when the snow
Just commences to go,
And the robin is heard his first sweet song to sing.

Ah! often and often,
A truant from school,
We've run o'er the fields for this same little flower;
And when tired of our play,
To our home stole away,
Nor thought of the rod and the dread whipping hour.

But 'tis naughty to wander
Away in the fields;
So Emma and Jane take our books
And let us begin,
To study again,
And leave the May flower to bloo

CHILD'S THOUGHTS AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

Oh! I remember very well
That, when this year began,
I thought 'twould be a long, long time
Before it would be gone.

So many days—so many weeks—
It seem'd they'd ne'er be past;
Yet now, almost before I know,
I've reach'd the very last.

They've gone, all gone; and I have done—
How little as I ought!
Oh! tell me, will all other years
Appear, when past, so short?

Then let me now, with all my might
To do my duty, try;
And aim, before it is too late,
To be prepared to die.

This very year, so quickly past,
Has been the last, to some;
Perhaps, before another ends,
My turn to die may come.

THE TORTOISE-SHELL KITTEN.

> The cat, half-famished, lean, and weak,
> Demands the privilege to speak.
>
> GAY.

ONE dark winter's evening, George and Charles, and two of their cousins, were seated round a cheerful fire, amusing themselves by playing at forfeits. On one side of the fire was seated their father, in his great arm-chair, and before him were placed a table and his desk. He was busy, I believe, writing some letters.

In the midst of their game, the boys were suddenly startled by something rattling against the casement; and, in the next instant, they were surprised by the mewing of a cat, which was

heard faintly above the howling of the wind, and the beating of the sleet which drove violently against the panes. George instantly ran, drew back the curtains, and opened the window, when, driven in by the tempest, a poor cat, half drowned by the rain, and benumbed by the cold, fell to the floor.

'It is,' exclaimed George, 'it is our poor tortoise-shell kitten, that we lost three months since, and which we thought the dogs had worried. My poor, poor kitten, where have you been?'

The game was no more thought of. The dairy maid was put in requisition for some warm milk, and the cook for a bit of meat, and puss rolling herself on the warm carpet before the fire, soon made herself dry, comfortable, and happy. She purred, she mewed, she walked up and down before the fire, and rubbed herself against the legs of her old masters, looking up sometimes in the face of one, and then of another, as if overjoyed to see them. Puss at length

stretched herself at ease upon the rug, and the boys, though they could see no possibility of ascertaining the truth, began to wonder where she had been, how she had supported herself, and had at last found her way home.

'She has, perhaps,' said Charles, 'been wandering about the fields, and preying upon such small animals as she could catch.' 'I think not,' replied George, 'for you know it is winter, and she could not have survived the cold nights, exposed to the inclemency of such weather as this, do you think she could, father?' 'I think she might,' answered Mr H., 'because many other cats do, sleeping in barns, or stables, or where they can get shelter; but there is one thing that induces me to think that this has not been the case with puss.' 'Oh!' said George, 'I know why, I remember you once told us, that the hair of animals, that are much exposed in winter, becomes close and rough, but puss is quite sleek now that she is dry, and, I think, if she had had to pro-

vide for herself she would scarcely have been so fat. O pussy, I wish you could tell me where you have been, and all your adventures.'

A few evenings after, when George had prepared his paper, pen, and ink, with the intention of writing his exercise, he was called out of the room and did not return for a considerable time. On again seating himself to proceed with his task, he found his paper already filled, and inscribed on the first sheet, in large letters, was 'The Adventures of myself, the Tortoise-shell Kitten.' When he left the room no one was in it, and puss sat rubbing her face with her velvet paw; when he returned, the room was still vacant, his pen was left in the ink, a thing which George never did, and puss was seated in the chair that he had vacated. Whether any one had been in the room during his absence, or whether puss was really the author, are points that George could not ascertain by inquiry, and that we must leave undetermined; but all my

readers will certainly admit with him, that if puss did write this history, she was much cleverer than cats in general are supposed to be.

In the evening, when the family circle had reassembled, George, producing the roll of paper from his pocket, and relating the manner in which he had discovered it, notwithstanding the smiles that were visible on every face, declared for the latter opinion; 'for,' said he, 'I inquired of every one in the house, and I could not find that any person had been in the room.'

He then said, that he would, if they pleased, read it aloud. To this every one instantly assented, and the fire being stirred, the curtains drawn, the candles snuffed, and silence established, each person listened with anxious attention, while George, after having hemmed three times to clear his throat, proceeded as follows:—

The Adventures of myself, the Tortoise-sh Kitten.

My dear young Master,

With my parentage and education till with the last three months you are well acquainte since I was bred in this house, and was rear under your own inspection: but as I heard y the evening I returned express a wish that y were acquainted with the places that I visit and the adventures that I passed through, duri my absence, and not knowing how to make y any other return for all the kindness you ha ever shown me, than by endeavoring to grati your curiosity, though as a cat albeit unused employ my pen, I hope to accomplish this (f one of my class) unheard-of, arduous underta ing. Here George stopped, and looked at pu Puss was laid quietly before the fire witho *much* appearance of attention. He then read o

One fine October morning I wandered to

distance from home, prowling about the hedges in search of mice and birds, when, beneath a stack of corn, where I had promised myself a plentiful share of plunder, I saw the hoop of a barrel laid. It was crossed, in various places, with strings curiously looped and twisted. These I did not then observe, my attention being arrested by several birds which I thought were busy pecking the corn that lay scattered around. Instantly determining to make one of them my prey, I crept behind a little bush, made a spring upon a luckless sparrow, and, in the same instant, found myself entangled in the strings, which I now discovered to be snares for birds. In the same predicament with myself were two tom-tits, and three sparrows; but I was much too frightened to molest them, and after struggling, in vain, to escape, I was compelled to resign myself to my fate.

After a few hours had elapsed a troop of *school-boys* came running up. The moment

that they saw me they set up a shout of laughter and exultation. The biggest of them instantly seized me, and claimed me as his share of the spoil: the others submitting with much murmuring and many discontented looks, divided the birds among themselves, though my new master would have a share of these also, and when one of the boys attempted to dispute the fairness of this proceeding, he silenced him with a blow, yet I afterwards found that his cowardice was equal to his cruelty and oppression, that overbearing as he was where he was master, he was meanly submissive to those who were stronger than himself, and that he sought to over-reach by cunning where he could not succeed by force. He now proposed, as he termed it, to make some sport. This was to consist in fastening one of the poor birds to a stick, and then in letting me fly at it, but I was too intent on making my *escape* to attend to any thing besides; therefore, *the moment* he let me go, I ran away as fast as I

could, pursued by all these cruel boys who pelted me with stones till an unlucky hit upon the side stunned me so much that I could run no longer, and I was once more seized and conveyed away in triumph.

As I was recovered by another boy who claimed me as his property, a quarrel ensued, which terminated in blows; and I was relinquished into the hands of my former possessor who, considering me as the cause of the dispute, declared that as soon as he should get me home he would have his revenge.

After a short walk, we arrived at a large house, into which my master entered, but the others dispersed in different directions. On entering the yard, Master Dick, for this I now found was his name, inquired for Bob the stable boy, and walked along with him to the stable, where they held a long consultation to determine how they could make the most sport of me. To recount the various wicked schemes that were proposed of get-

ting fun, as Bob called it, out of me, would only serve to disgust you, who have been brought up in a just abhorrence of all cruelty; suffice it to say, that many of them were such as must have proved fatal to me, and the thoughts of which made every hair upon me bristle with terror. At length it was determined to set the great yard dog upon me, that they might see us fight. The dog was loosed; it was an immense mastiff that was chained in the court. It was led into the yard by master Dick, who held it by the collar. On seeing me, it snarled, it growled, and showed its immense teeth, which in imagination I already felt mangling me, and crushing my bones. I then thought how often I had seized a poor unfortunate mouse, and, in mere wantonness, played with my captive for an hour together; and I inwardly resolved, that in future, should it be my fortune to escape, I would never keep any animal a single instant in suspense; and, as it is my duty to destroy vermin, that I would put them

out of pain as quickly as possible. Master Dick now set the horrible animal upon me, whilst Bob held me in his hands. I instantly turned and bit him with all my strength in the finger, on which he let me go with a dreadful oath. I sprung upon the manger, and from thence into the rack, where I set both dog and Bob at defiance, by striking with my claws between the bars. These two abandoned boys swore at me in the most horrible manner, and Bob went for a fork to displace me with. During this interval of dreadful suspense as to the fate which awaited me, master Dick's sister passed, and by her tears and entreaties endeavored to persuade him to liberate me, but in vain.

Wicked people, however clever they think themselves, often meet with those who are a match for them in cunning. Thus, what Dick's sister could not obtain by persuasion, she at length effected by the threat of telling his father of *his* cruelty. This was an argument which

there was no resisting, so he held the dog while Bob, who had now returned, pulled me down, and I scampered across the yard as fast as possible. Master Dick, as I passed him, let go his hold of the dog, pretending that he could not restrain it. It instantly sprang upon me with a tremendous growl, seized me by the back, and shook me violently; but I know not how, it let me turn myself in its mouth sufficiently, to allow me to reach its eyes with my claws. It instantly set up a most dreadful howl, and I took the opportunity of escaping to the roof of the barn.

At this moment, Master Dick's father entered the yard, and, with the most impudent effrontery his son advanced to meet him, and told him a story, every word of which was false, to account for the dog's being loose, and for the battle between the dog and me; the conclusion of which, it was evident that his father must have seen.

Wickedness may go unpunished for some time, *and a* person may flatter himself that he contrives

matters too cunningly ever to be detected. A liar may devise his falsehoods so artfully, that he may feel certain that they cannot be discovered: but such practices will not always escape, and he, who has been successful for many times, will at length meet with the reward he merits. Thus it now proved, Bob confirmed what Master Dick had said, and his sister would not betray her brother. Little did they imagine, that their father had been a silent auditor of all that had passed, and that, unseen himself, he had been a spectator of the whole affair.

I shall never forget the stern look of anger with which he regarded the culprits. Dick, conscience-struck, with a look of terror, fell upon his knees; his sister, pale, and trembling, stood beside him: while Bob, who read in his master's countenance that he had nothing to expect, with matchless impudence wished him good morning, and walked out of the yard. 'Let him go,' said *his master, as* he cast a look of contempt after

him, 'but for you, sir, I have long had suspicions of your conduct; kneel not to me, it is too late to kneel. Did I not blame myself for allowing you to go with such associates, your punishment would be severer; but, in future, I will endeavor to rectify my error. As I can place no dependence in you after the falsehoods you have just uttered, I will send you where you shall have no opportunity of doing ill, and no wicked associates. To-morrow you leave home for school, as a boarder, and I will take care to give such directions as will prevent your having the power to run into error. Rise, sir, and follow me.'

'I wonder,' said George, 'whether puss has the marks of the dog's teeth remaining in her back. Puss was instantly searched, and the incredulity of the party, as to the authenticity of the history, was almost shaken, when, on turning back her hair, the marks of teeth were plainly visible.

The injuries that I had received prevented me from travelling far, and with difficulty I crawled

to a neighboring rick, where I resigned myself to that fate which seemed inevitably approaching. Here, worn out with the fatigues of that terrible day, notwithstanding the pain I suffered from my bruises, I fell asleep. How long I laid in this state I do not know: when I awoke, the sun was shining bright and warm, and the birds were singing sweetly in the hedge-rows. I tried to rise, but found myself unable, and I had no prospect but that of being starved to death. In the evening, however, the son of a neighboring farmer found me. I had now, to my inexpressible joy, fallén into the hands of a very different person to my late possessor. He took me very gently up, and, when the agony I suffered on being moved made me cry out, he put some soft hay in his hat, and laid me in it. He then placed me at the foot of the stack till he had milked the cows—when he poured a little milk into his hand, and gave it me to drink. Thirsty and famished as I was, *I thought it* the most delightful that I had

ever tasted. I thanked him as well as I was able, and I think he understood me, for he stroked my head, and said, 'poor puss!' As he carried me home, to my horror and surprise, I heard the well-remembered voice of my late persecutor. 'Hey Jem! what have you got there, man, so carefully in your hat?—a nest of young birds, I suppose.' —'No, Master Dick,' replied Jem, 'I *be* not such a *natural* as to look for nests in Autumn, or so wicked as to rob the poor birds of their nests at any time; so let me pass on, Master Dick, and dont hold me all day by the shoulder.' 'What,' answered Dick, 'you can never stop a moment to talk with one. I dare say, now, you have got some apples and pears, or something good in your hat?' 'Not I,' replied Jem, 'and if I had, there would be none of 'em for you.' 'I want none of your apples, but I want to know why you keep your hat so closely covered up?' 'Why,' said honest Jem, 'do you go so round *about? could* you not ask one plump at once?

It's that poor cat, that I saw you and your comrades chasing the other morning, and pelting with stones, and shamed you might be, if any shame you have. Look here at the poor beast—here she lies, unable to stir a limb.'—'I thought as much,' answered Dick, 'and I tell you, that cat is mine, and I desire you to give her to me; she cost me a flogging, and almost got me sent to school, and I'll be revenged on her.'—'Your own ill ways got you a flogging,' replied Jem, 'and I think it would not much mend them to hurt the poor beast.' 'It does not signify preaching,' answered this wicked boy, 'the cat is mine, and the cat I'll have.' 'Say you so,' said Jem, 'then I say, the cat never was yours, and I'll see no animal abused.' 'Is that the way you talk to a gentleman,' said Dick, and relying on his superior size and strength, he seized the hat with one hand, and struck my protector with the other so furious a blow upon the face, as to make him *reel from its violence*. Jem instantly set the hat

carefully down, and returned the blow. What followed I do not know, for I was so terrified by the apprehension of falling into the hands of my old foe, that I did not dare to look up. The matter was at length decided, and to my great relief, I found myself carried off by Jem, who had received some very severe blows in my defence. 'What!' said his father, when he entered the door of his cottage, 'what, Jem! thou surely hast not been fighting. How came you by that black eye?' 'Oh,' said Jem, 'but I have! and with the squire's son, Master Dick,' and he related the occasion of the battle. 'Thou art a brave little fellow,' said his father, 'and next Fairday thou shalt have a sixpence to spend.' Jem proceeded to make a warm bed of hay by the fire-side for me, and delivered me to the care of his sister, who, by good nursing, restored me to health. I could not help remarking the difference between my late tyrant, and the kind person to whom I owe my life. One lived in a fine

house, wore fine clothes, had servants to wait on him, and play-fellows to quarrel with, at command. He spent his days in idleness, and feasting, in playing and rioting; but, with all this, he was not happy. He was of a weak constitution, from the manner in which he had been brought up; tyrannical and impatient, from never having been contradicted; proud and overbearing, from having no one to play with that had so much money, and wore clothes so fine as himself; he was indolent, because he had nothing to do but to play, and was continually sick with stuffing. Jem lived in a cottage; but he was active and industrious, because his father could not afford to bring his children up in idleness; his clothes were coarse, but they were warm and clean, which was all Jem wanted; his food was plain, but Jem eat his brown bread and milk with more pleasure than Dick feasted on his dainties, because he had got a good appetite, with rising early and working hard. He had no servants to

attend upon him, but Jem did not want them, for he could do every thing for himself, and just as he liked. In play, he was active and merry, because he had so little of it that he enjoyed it. Master Dick was disliked, and Jem loved, by all in the parish — but to proceed: the day I returned home to you, I had resumed my old habits, and had prowled along the hedges in pursuit of birds, till I had wandered out of my knowledge. After several hours spent in fruitless efforts to regain home, on turning the corner of a wood, I unexpectedly found myself in sight of my old habitation, to which I instantly proceeded, and arrived, as you know, at night-fall. Poor Jem, I am afraid, will weep for the loss of me. — He knows not what good fortune has befallen me, and will suppose that I have fallen a prey to the dogs, or that I have perished by the hands of cruel boys. This reflection is the only one that embitters my present felicity, and could I give him an occasional visit, nothing would be want-

ing to complete my happiness. Thus ends 'The Three Months' Adventures of the Tortoise-shell Kitten.'

I shall only add to the above, that puss lived to a great age in the family of Mr Hervey, that Master Dick, in hunting after birds' nests, fell from a stack of hay, and was severely injured, that as soon as he had recovered, he was sent to school, and that, during his holidays, having ridden a horse till it would run no further, he alighted and flogged the poor animal, till an unlucky kick cut short his career of cruelty. Honest Jem still lives, happy and respected, and had the pleasure of discovering that puss was not worried, but had found a happy home.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

In doubt, in weariness, in wo,
The hosts of Israel flee;
Behind them rode the raging foe,
Before them was the sea.

The angry waters at their feet,
All dark and dread roll'd on;
And where the sky and desert meet,
Spears flash'd against the sun.

But still along the eastern sky
The fiery pillow shone;
And o'er the waves that roll'd so high,
It bade them still come on.

Then Moses turn'd the sea toward,
And raised his hand on high;
The angry waters know their lord,
They know him, and they fly.

Where never gleam'd the red sun-light,
Where foot of man ne'er trod;
Down, down they go, and left and right
The wall of waters stood.

Full soon along that vale of fear,
With cymbals, horns, and drums,
With many a steed and many a spear,
The maddening monarch comes.

A moment—far as eye could sweep,
The thronging myriads tread;
The next—the waste and silent deep,
Was rolling o'er their head!

THE OCEAN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

ONCE, when I was a thoughtless child,
I sat beneath a tree,
Beside a little running stream,
And a mariner sat by me,
And thus he spake;—'For seventy years
I've sailed upon the sea.

'Thou thinkest that the earth is fair,
And full of strange delight;
Yon little brook that murmurs by,
Is glorious in thy sight.

'Thou callest yon poor butterfly
A very marvellous thing,
And listen'st, in a fond amaze,
When the morning lark doth sing.

'Thou speak'st as if God only made
Valley, and hill, and tree;
Yet I blame thee not, thou simple child!
Wise men have spoke like thee.

'But glorious are the ocean-fields,—
On land you 're trammell'd round;
On the right, and on the left likewise,
Doth lie forbidden ground.

'But the ocean-fields are free to all
Where'er they list to go,
With the heavens above, and round about,
And the wide, wide sea below.

'Oh! it gladdeneth much my very soul,
The smallest ship to see;
For I know, where'er a sail is spread,
God speaketh audibly.

'Up to the north,—the polar north,
With the whalers did I go,
'Mong the mountains of eternal ice,
To the land of the thawless snow.

'We were hemmed in by icy rocks,
The strength of man was vain;
But at once the arm of God was shown,
The rocks were rent in twain!

'The sea was parted for Israel,
The great Red Sea, of yore,
And Moses, and the Hebrew race,
In joy went, dry-shod, o'er.

'And a miracle as great was wrought
For us in the polar sea,
When the rocks were rent, from peak to base,
And our southern course was free!

'Yet, amid those seas so wild and stern,
Where man hath left no trace,
The sense of God came down to us,
As in a holy place.

'Great kings have piled up pyramids,
And built them temples grand;
But the sublimest temple far
Is in that northern land.

'Its pillars are of adamant,
By a thousand winters hew'd;
Its priests are the awful silence,
And the ancient solitude!

'And then we sail'd to the tropic seas,
That are like crystal clear;
Thou wilt marvel much, thou little child,
Their glorious things to hear.

'I have look'd down to those ocean depths,
Many thousand fathoms low,
And seen, like woods of mighty oak,
The trees of coral grow: —

'The red, the green, and the beautiful
Tall-branch'd like the chrysolite,
Which, amid the sun-lit waters, spread
Their flowers intensely bright.

'Some, they were like the lily of June,
Or the rose of Fairy land,
Or as if some poet's glorious thought
Had inspired a sculptor's hand.

'And then the million creatures bright,
That, sporting, went and came!
Heaven knows, but I think in Paradise
It must have been the same: —

'When 'neath the trees that God had set,
The land was free to all;
When the lion gamboll'd with the kid,
The great ones with the small.

'There are no wastes of burning sand,
There's neither heat nor cold;
And there doth spring the diamond mine,
There flow the veins of gold.

'There, with the divers of the East,
Who down in those depths have been,
I've conversed of the marvels strange,
And the glories they had seen.

'And they say, each one, not halls of kings,
With the ocean-caves can vie,
With the untrod caves of the carbuncle,
Where the great sea-treasures lie.

'And well I wot it must be so:
Man parteth evermore
The miser-treasures of the earth;
The sea hath all its store.

'Then, I've crossed the Line full fifteen times,
And down in the southern sea
I've seen the whales, like bounding lambs,
Leap up, — the strong, the free: —

'Leap up, the creatures that God had made,
To people the isleless main;
They have no bridle in their jaws,
And on their necks no rein.

'But, my little child, thou sittest here,
Still gazing on yon stream,
And the wondrous things that I have told
To thee are as a dream;—

'But to me they are as living thoughts,
And well I understand,
Why the sublimest sea is still
More glorious than the land:

'For when at first the world awoke
From its primeval sleep;
Not on the land the Spirit of God
Did move, but on the deep!'

THE IVY-LEAFED CROWFOOT.

ALFRED was a thoughtful child. The works of nature afforded him ever new delight; and he had so long accustomed himself to reason and reflect upon any subject that excited his surprise, and to endeavor to trace effects to their causes, that few things passed unnoticed by his penetrating eye: few days elapsed in which some little event was not deemed worthy of inquiry and observation.

He would frequently sit on a bench in the garden for an hour together to watch

'The little traveller
Who toils so cheerfully from flower to flower
Forever singing as she goes:'

or would follow her with sensations of unfeigned delight to the hive in which she deposited her honey, and there examine the fairy fabric raised by the persevering industry of her little helpmates. Sometimes he would linger in the fields for an hour or two beyond the limited time, in order to observe the young birds busily engaged about their nests, or to bend over some meandering rivulet and watch the course of the little minnows as they glided rapidly down the stream. Frequently would he seat himself upon a rustic stile, at the end of a lane near his father's house, to gaze upon the beautiful fleecy clouds as they chased each other successively away; or to watch the progress of the declining sun, and follow it with a wistful eye into the vales of glory, which appeared to open around its setting beams: wondering, in the mean time, why every object upon which they shone was tinged with such a brilliant golden hue, why every shrub and every *tree — the village* spire and the cottage casement

— were tipped with a yellow lustre — and the distant mountains so gaily illuminated by its departing rays. Why, would he say to himself,

> 'Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
> More bright than all the landscape smiling near?'

and then, almost as soon as the sun is actually gone, why are they immediately clothed in a dark gray hue? The motions of various plants was another object of interest to his thoughtful mind; some flowers, he would observe, turn towards the sun, whilst others twine their voluble stems in another direction. There was a double scarlet anemone, in his father's garden, which was regularly looking towards the house every morning, and as regularly turned towards the south-west every evening; and this circumstance had first led his attention to the subject. The *opening* of the blossoms of the evening primrose, *the daily* unfolding of the delicate flowers of the

gum cistus and the rapid expansion of a passion-flower, were also objects of the greatest interest to him:—the astonishing growth of some flowers likewise excited his wonder and surprise, and he would frequently draw a line with a pencil upon the wall of the summer-house, against which a purple clematis was trained, in order to know the exact progress it had made in one week; this little experiment awakened a new train of thought—in seven short days another pencil-mark proved that it had grown nine inches in that short space of time. How astonishing! exclaimed our little philosopher, but his reflections did not end here; he appeared for a time lost in meditation, and at length it was found that he was calculating whether he had increased his acquisition of useful knowledge in proportion to the growth of the plant. Few children would have even thought of such a comparison, and we mention these particulars, with the hope of exciting *in our young* readers a *habit* of observation

like that which our little Alfred so successfully exercised; it is one that ought to be instilled into every youthful bosom: — observation will inevitably lead to reflection, and while *reflecting* upon the various sources from whence effects so wonderful and so beautiful proceed, it is natural to suppose that the thoughts will still be carried forwards to that First Great Cause, from whom alone every blessing we enjoy, every pleasure we can experience, is derived.

Children! the best volume of instruction is that which is offered to your view in every walk you take. In every thing around you, from the humble moss that grows upon the thatched cottage of the laborer to the majestic oak that adorns the extended park of his more wealthy neighbor, are objects of pure and innocent delight to be found; and always remember that

> 'Nature is but the name for an *effect*
> Whose cause is God.'

Although Alfred was a thoughtful boy he was uncommonly fond of play, and no one could enter with more avidity than he did into the sports of childhood; nor, during the time allotted to his lessons, could any one attend with greater assiduity than he did to the instructions of his beloved preceptor.

He had a little garden of his own in one corner of the kitchen garden; it was well stocked with flowers of various descriptions raised from the seeds he had sown in the spring, and one side of it, originally appropriated to vegetables, was plentifully furnished with French beans, peas, and potatoes. In time, however, the young potatoes were dug, the peas and beans were ready for gathering, and, as Alfred remarked, when the beautiful scarlet flowers of the latter were over, as there was no inducement to leave its wild tendrils and withered stems climbing round the sticks and making a litter, it seemed as well to dig them *all up and* level the ground and turn it into a *shrubbery.*

'If I had but shrubs to stock it with, I would begin directly, mamma,' said he. 'Perhaps you will be so kind as to give me some shrubs. There is a little arbutus at the end of the lawn, mamma, which has long been a great favorite of mine. Can you afford to give it me?'

'If you are willing to do something for me, that I wish to have done, the arbutus shall be your reward, Alfred,' said his mother.

'What is that, dear mamma?' said Alfred. 'If it be any thing that I can do I will do it, not only for the sake of getting the shrub, but also for the pleasure of pleasing you.'

'I never ask you to do any thing unless I know that you *can* do it if you try, my dear,' said his mother. 'It is to tie up all the lettuces in the lettuce bed.'

'What, to tie them up to sticks with bits of string?'

'*No*, not to sticks, but merely to enclose the *leaves by* tying a bit of matting, which you will

find in the root-house, round the whole of the lettuce.'

'But for what purpose is this done, mamma? —and where about is the matting, and how many lettuces do you think there are?'

'As to the exact number of lettuces upon my lettuce bed I cannot answer you,' said his mother, 'but you will find plenty of matting in the drawer, under the shelf upon which the garden-pots stand, in the root-house, and as to the reason *why* the lettuces are better tied up, I leave that to your own discernment.'

Away went Alfred to the root-house, fetched the matting, examined, on his return, the favorite arbutus that was to grace his own little garden, and set to work with more than usual ardor.

In the course of two hours his task was completed, and the assistance of Francis, the gardener, was required in moving the shrub, but Alfred had not yet discovered why the lettuces should

be tied up with matting when they needed no support.

Alfred had several sisters. Some of them were botanists, and they occasionally made little excursions in a pony-chaise into the country in order to procure specimens of various plants; on such occasions it was customary with them to carry a tin box, in which to place the flowers as soon as they were gathered, (for flowers will keep fresh much longer in a tin box, than when carried in the hand,) and by this means they retained their natural appearance until Louisa and Caroline were at leisure to copy them.

One day, just as they were setting out for a ride to a delightful spot a few miles distant, where they had been told many rare and beautiful plants might be found, the tin box was missing, and, after many researches, and a rather longer detention than they liked, Alfred discovered it under the seat of a grotto in the garden. 'See!' said he, holding it up in his hand in tri-

umph, as he ran across the lawn, 'here it is! I have actually found it, and, what is more wonderful than any thing I ever heard of, here is a plant growing in it which is white, quite white, stem, leaves, flowers and all;—neither flowers, leaves, nor stem have a particle of color in them.'

'That is very extraordinary, indeed,' said Caroline. 'Oh! I see it is the ivy-leafed crowfoot which we gathered by the spring in the common three or four weeks ago, intending to show it to Dr B.; and I recollect putting it, stem, leaves, roots and all, into the tin box, and leaving it under the bench in the grotto, meaning to show it to him another time, as he was busily engaged in conversation with papa just then, but something happened to put it off—*frustrate* do you call it —to frustrate my intention, and I had really forgotten all about it.'

'All this may be very true,' said Alfred, 'but was your ivy-leaved crowfoot green when you *gathered it, or had* it the same appearance then

that it has now?—you see it is perfectly white.'

'Oh no, no, it was green,' said Caroline. 'It had little white blossoms and green leaves, as green as the leaves of this rose-bud I hold in my hand.'

'How very extraordinary!' said Alfred. 'Let us try to discover the cause of so wonderful a change:—why your ivy-leaved crowfoot should turn white when shut up in this tin box I cannot conceive. Do other flowers turn white on being put into it?'

'Never before,' said Louisa. Indeed we have never before left a plant in it for so long a time.'

Alfred looked lost in thought, and, after forming many and various conjectures respecting this apparently singular phenomenon, he was informed by his father that when plants are *deprived of light* they turn *white*. 'The powerful effect of light upon the vegetable kingdom has long been known,' said he. 'The green color of leaves is

owing to it, for plants raised in darkness are invariably white, like the crowfoot, which has assumed this appearance from having been shut up in a box and kept in the shade for so long a time. We may compare a plant that grows in darkness to a mind enveloped in ignorance and destitute of cultivation, for we can form no judgment either of the one or the other. Now consider, my dear Alfred, and see if you cannot give me some instances of the effects of light as it regards plants.'

'I never thought upon the subject before, papa, but I will try,' said Alfred. 'Indeed I never heard, before, that plants did become white in the shade, although I have often noticed that many flowers, the sun-flower and anemone for instance, unfold their blossoms to the sun, follow his course by turning on their stems, and close themselves as soon as he is set. I suppose this is the effect of their fondness for light. I have observed also that the leaves of the geraniums

which stand on the bench in the hall window, always have their right sides turned towards the window, where the light enters, you know; there are two windows in the hall, but they direct their course towards the window that is nearest them.'

'Very well, my dear,' said his father, 'can you give me any other example?'

'Yes, papa,' replied Alfred, after a little reflection, 'I have sometimes noticed, when we have been walking in the wood, that the trees that grow *there*, where they only receive light from above, you know, direct their shoots upwards, and consequently become much taller and less spreading than those of the same sort which stand single in other places; they grow very thick together, and they seem to want to get as high as they can in order to gain light.'

'Very well, my love, your remark affords a *convincing* proof that you *have* thought upon the *subject*. Can you give me any other instance?'

'Ah, mamma, I see you smile: — I recollect that the lettuces we had at dinner to-day, contained fine *white hearts*, as you call them; the inner leaves were white and blanched, and much better than the green outside leaves: — I know now why you desired me to tie matting round them — they became *white* when deprived of light. Caroline, I have learned something from your ivy-leafed crowfoot!'

'Never neglect an opportunity of gaining useful knowledge,' said his father. 'When you are older and can comprehend the nature of light itself, I will tell you why it is requisite to the colors of plants; at present, you may rest satisfied with knowing that they cannot retain them without it.'

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

One morning in the month of May
I wandered o'er the hill;
Though nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the just, the great,
These meaner creatures bless;
And yet deny to man's estate
The boon of happiness?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blissful birds around,
Oh where, in Nature's wide domains,
Can peace for man be found?

The birds wide carolled over head;
The breeze around me blew;
And Nature's awful chorus said,
No bliss for man she knew.

I asked of *Youth*, 'Could Youth supply
The joys I sought to find?'
Youth paused, and pointed with a sigh
Where age stole on behind.

I turned to *Love*, whose early ray
So goodly bright appears;
And heard the trembling wanton say,
His light was dimm'd with tears.

I turn'd to *Friendship*.— Friendship mourn'd,
And thus his answer gave;—
'The Friends whom Fortune had not turn'd,
Were vanish'd in the grave.'

I asked if *Vice* would Joy bestow: —
Vice boasted loud and well;
But fading from her pallid brow,
The venom'd roses fell.

I questioned *Feeling*, if her skill
Could heal the wounded breast?
And found her sorrows streaming still,
For others' grief distrest.

I questioned *Virtue:* — Virtue sigh'd —
No boon could she dispense;
'Nor Virtue, was her name,' she cried,
'But humble Penitence!'

I questioned *Death* — the grisly shade
Relaxed his brow severe, —
And '*I* am Happiness,' he said,
'If Virtue guides thee here!'

HOME.

BY MRS HEMANS.

SEEST thou my home? 'Tis where yon woods are waving
In their dark richness to the sunny air;
Where yon blue stream a thousand flower-banks laving,
Leads down the hill a veil of light,—'tis there.

'Midst these green haunts how many a spring lies gleaming,
Fringed with the violet, colored with the skies—
My boyhood's haunts through days of summer dreaming
Under young leaves that shook with melodies!

My home — the spirit of its love is breathing
In every wind that plays across my track;
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing,
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I lov'd! there prayed for! there my mother,
Sits by the hearth, with meekly thoughtful eye!
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother;
Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly!

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
All the home voices meet at day's decline;
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending —
There laughs my home — and, stranger, where is thine?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling,
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air!
I know it not, yet trust the whisper telling
My lonely heart, that love unchang'd is there.

And what is home? and where, but with the living!
Happy thou art that so canst gaze on thine!
My spirit feels, but in its weary roving,
That with the dead where'er they be — is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother,
Bear in fresh gladness, to the household scene!
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,
I will believe — but dark seas roll between.

THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

The following beautiful lines are from the 'Juvenile Forget Me Not' for 1832. They are written by Mr Laman Blanchard upon the picture of a boy endeavoring to lay salt upon the tail of a bird:

'Gently, gently yet, young stranger!
Light of heart and light of heel;
Ere the bird perceives its danger,
On it slily steal.
Silence! ha! your scheme is failing—
No; pursue your pretty prey;
See, your shadow on the paling
Startles it away.

Hush! your step some note is giving;
Not a whisper — not a breath!
Watchful be as aught that's living,
And be mute as death!
Glide on, ghost-like, still inclining
Downwards o'er it; or, as sure
As the sun is on us shining,
'Twill escape the lure.

Caution! now you're nearer creeping;
Nearer yet — how still it seems!
Sure the winged creature's sleeping,
Wrapt in forest dreams!
Golden sights that bird is seeing,
Nest of green, or mossy bough;
Not a thought it hath of fleeing —
Yes, you'll catch it now!

How your eyes begin to twinkle!
Silence, and you'll scarcely fail;

Now stoop down and softly sprinkle
Salt upon its tail.
Yes, you have it in your tether,
Never more to skim the skies;
Lodge the salt on this long feather—
Ha! it flies, it flies!

Hear it—hark! among the bushes,
Laughing at your idle lures!
Boy, the self-same feeling gushes
Through my heart and yours.
Baffled sportsman, childish Mentor,
How have I been—hapless fault!—
Led like you my hopes to centre
In a grain of salt!

Time, thy feathers turn to arrows;
I for salt have used thy sand,
Wasting it on hopes, like sparrows,
That elude the hand.

On what captures I've been counting,
Stooping here and creeping there,
All to see my bright hope mounting
High into the air!

Half my life I've been pursuing
Plans I'd often tried before,
Rhapsodies that end in ruin —
I, and thousands more.
This, young sportsman, be your warning —
Though you've lost some hours to-day,
Others spend their life's fair morning
In no wiser way.

What hath been my holiest treasure!
What were *ye* unto my eyes,
Love, and peace, and hope, and pleasure!
Birds of Paradise!
Spirits that we think to capture
By a false and childish scheme,

Until tears dissolve our rapture—
Darkness ends our dream.

Thus are objects loved the dearest,
Distant as the dazzling star;
And when we appear the nearest,
Farthest off we are.
Thus have children of all ages,
Seeing bliss before them fly,
Found their hearts but empty cages,
And their hopes—on high!'

THE STICK OF SEALING-WAX.

'THERE now, I have finished my letter,' said Alfred's little sister, as she folded up a neatly-written sheet; 'will you seal it for me, papa?'

'Oh, let me seal it, do let me seal it for Fanny,' said Alfred, taking up some sealing-wax that lay on the table, 'I am so fond of sealing letters.'

'If it will afford you any gratification, you may certainly,' said his father, 'shall I lend you my seal?'

'No, I thank you, papa, the letter is to be sealed with my own little seal, if you please,' said Fanny, 'because of the motto that is upon it—"*Repondez vite*," *reply quickly.* I am writing to

mamma, to tell her that I hope she will come home next week, and that I wish her to write to me before she comes home. There, now I have lighted the little wax-taper, and there is my seal, brother, the seal that papa bought for us when we were at Cheltenham last summer.'

The letter, being quite completed, was presently sealed with Fanny's favorite seal.

'See how cleverly Alfred has done it!' said she, holding it towards her father. But her father was engaged in looking in his writing-desk for something else; he presently turned to Alfred and desired him to rub the stick of sealing-wax as quickly as he could upon the sleeve of his coat.

Alfred laughed and did as his father had desired.

'I do so, because you desire me to do so, papa,' said he, 'and because I always like to do what you desire me to do, but what reason you can possibly have for wishing me to rub this

sealing-wax upon the sleeve of my coat, I cannot imagine.'

'Now hold it towards these little bits of paper which are spread out on the table,' said Mr A., without noticing his remark.

Alfred did so, and the pieces of paper were, to the astonishment of the children, immediately drawn towards it, raised on an end, and otherwise put in motion.

'I never saw pieces of paper jump before, papa,' said little Fanny, laughing at the novelty of such an appearance.

'*Jump!*' said Alfred, laughing still more, 'you would not say they *jumped*, would you, papa? though, to tell the truth, I can scarcely say what word should be used in its place.'

'They are *attracted*,' said his father — 'attracted towards the sealing-wax.'

'But what can possibly have produced this effect? Perhaps the sealing-wax was not quite cold, for you know I had just been sealing Fan-

ny's letter with it; and this might make it attract the paper.'

'But the paper does not stick to it, as it would do if the wax had been warmed in the candle,' said his father, 'you may easily shake it off, if you please. There, warm it again in the flame of the taper, and try the effect.'

Alfred did so, and the little bits of paper of course stuck firmly to it, so firmly, that he could not take them off.

'Now rub the other end of the sealing-wax once more upon your coat, and convince yourself that the effects produced by friction and by the heat of the candle are different, very different,' said his father.

Alfred complied with his father's desire, and the little bits of paper were affected just in the same manner as they had been at first.

'Here is an empty glass bottle,' said Mr A. 'rub it on the sleeve of your coat in the same manner, and then hold it over the bits of paper.'

The effect produced was similar to that produced by the sealing-wax; the bits of paper were attracted towards the glass, and Mr A. said that if the experiment had been made in the dark, the *glass* and the *wax* would have exhibited faint signs of *light*.

It now remained to seek the cause of so curious an effect. Alfred appealed, as usual, to his father.

'The power thus excited,' said Mr A. 'is called *electric*, and the little *light* which I have just told you might be perceived emanating from the wax had the experiment been made in the dark, is called the *electrical fire*, or *fluid*. I have often told you that we must cultivate habits of observation and reflection, in order to aid us in the acquisition of knowledge. Mr Boyle was the first who had a glimpse of the electric fluid; as he remarked, after rubbing some diamonds, that they afforded light in the dark. This *observation led to* reflection, and the various elec-

tric properties of bodies became an object of curiosity.

This electrical fire or fluid is one of the most wonderful in nature, and the earth, and almost all bodies with which we are acquainted, are supposed to contain a certain quantity of it, though it seems to lie dormant until put in action by rubbing or friction, and then, as I have already said, it appears like fire. The bodies over which it passes freely are all metals, and most animal and vegetable substances, all of which are called *conductors of electricity*, as air and water are conductors of sound. But this peculiar fluid will not pass over glass, sulphur, charcoal, silk, baked woods, or dry woollen substances; all these bodies, therefore, are called *non-conductors.*

'Is sealing-wax a conductor, father?'

'No, my dear, I was going to tell you that heat, produced by friction and moisture, renders all substances conductors, and that it was in

consequence of the heat produced by the friction on the woollen cloth, of which your coat is made, that the sealing-wax became one. Here is a piece of amber,' continued he, opening a little drawer in his escritoire, 'this contains the same properties as sealing-wax; I mean, that on being rubbed, it acquires electric powers. The ancients were well acquainted with them, and the name electricity is derived from a Greek word, *electron*, signifying amber.'

'Well, papa, and, after all, what grand discovery has been made in electricity?'

'I led your attention to the subject,' said Mr A., 'in consequence of having heard you express a wish to become acquainted with the cause of thunder and lightning: thunder and lightning are the effect of electricity in the clouds. A flash of lightning is simply a stream of the electric power passing from the clouds to the earth, from the earth to the clouds, or from one cloud to another cloud; and thunder is the report and

the echoes of the report between the clouds and the earth.

'Oh, papa, how can you prove this? how can you prove that lightning is nothing more than a stream of electric fluid?'

'Flashes of lightning are generally seen crooked, and waving in the air,' said Mr A.; 'this is also the case with the electric spark, when it is drawn from an irregular body at some distance. Lightning strikes the highest and most pointed objects in its way, the church spire, last summer, for instance; in the same manner all pointed conductors receive or throw off the electric fluid more readily than such as are terminated by flat surfaces. Lightning takes the readiest and best conductor, so does the electrical fluid; lightning burns, so does electricity; lightning sometimes dissolves metals, so does electricity; lightning has been frequently known to strike people blind; pigeons and other small birds have lost their sight by electricity; lightning sometimes destroys animal

life; animals have also been killed by electricity. But what proves, in the clearest manner possible, the perfect similarity, or rather identity, of lightning and electricity, is, that Dr Franklin, who is justly celebrated for his many discoveries, particularly in this branch of natural philosophy, astonishing as it may appear to you, actually contrived to bring lightning down from the heavens by means of a kite, which he raised when a storm of thunder was coming on.'

'How could he possibly manage this, papa? — I wonder what gave him the idea in the first place, that lightning and electricity were one and the same thing.'

'Observation, my little friend. What is there that observation, aided by reflection, will not accomplish? He was first led to the discovery by comparing, as we have done, the effects of lightning with those of electricity, and by considering that if two gun barrels electrified will strike at two inches, and make a loud report, what must

be the effect of ten thousand acres of electrifie cloud? He, however, was of too ardent a dispo sition to rest satisfied with mere speculation; h therefore constructed a kite—'

'A paper kite?—a common paper kite, lik mine, papa?'

'Not quite like yours, my love, because it wa composed of silk, silk being better adapted tha paper to bear the wet and wind of a thunde gust, without tearing. He first made a smal cross of two light strips of cedar, the arms o which were so long as to reach to the four cor ners of a large thin silk handkerchief when ex tended; he then tied the corners of the hand kerchief to the extremity of the cross, and fixed a very sharp pointed wire, rising a foot or more above the wood, to the top of the upright stick o the cross; the kite was of course provided wit a tail, loop, and string, like yours, and thus com pleted, the ingenious philosopher contrived t send it up into an electrical cloud during a thun

der-storm. The wire in the kite, being a conductor, attracted the lightning or electric fire from the cloud, and it descended down the hempen string, and was received by a key fastened to the extremity of it; that part of the string which he held in his hand being of silk, that the electric virtue might stop when it came to the key.'

'Why should it stop there?—If I had been in Dr Franklin's place, I should have been afraid that the flash of lightning drawn down from the clouds would have produced some dangerous consequence.'

'Prudent foresight induced him to use the precaution of placing a long piece of silk between himself and the key,' said Mr A. 'Cannot you tell why he did so?'

'Oh, I know now,' said Alfred, after a moment's reflection, 'I need not have asked the question. I recollect you said that silk is a non-conductor: that was a clever contrivance of the

Doctor's! Well, what did he do with his electrified key?'

'He charged phials with it, and from the electric fire thus obtained, kindled spirits, and performed a great number of other experiments; but above all completely demonstrated the identity of lightning with that of electricity. Soon after this discovery he constructed an insulated rod to draw the lightning from the atmosphere into his house, in order to enable him to make experiments upon it; he also connected with it two bells, which gave him notice by their ringing when the rod was electrified. This was the origin of the metallic conductors now in general use.

'To know that lightning and electric matter are the same, is a great step in natural philosophy, though we still remain ignorant of the causes of many of the appearances which accompany thunder-storms.

'*Now*, my dear Alfred, try to explain the man-

ner in which the claps of thunder that usually accompany the flashes of lightning are occasioned.'

'The air rushes together in a moment to fill the space made by the passage of the electric matter, I suppose, papa,' said Alfred.

'Yes;—and thunder is the report and the echoes of the report between the clouds and the earth.

'A number of entertaining and useful experiments may be made by means of a machine constructed for the purpose, and called an electrical machine,' said Mr A.; 'but I think we have said almost enough upon the subject at present.

'From what a variety of sources may we derive improvement. A simple stick of sealing-wax may prove the origin of many ingenious inquiries, and of much novel information. Seize every opportunity, my love, of adding to your store of useful knowledge; let nothing pass unnoticed; let no opportunity be neglected. Lord

Bacon has justly told us, that "Knowledge is Power."

'Fanny has written *her* letter; now let me write *mine*.'

'Presently, papa, presently: my curiosity is not half satisfied. I want to know a great, great deal more about this curious electric fluid. In the first place, I do not quite understand what you mean by *metallic conductors*.'

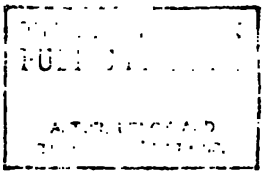
'The use of metallic conductors is to secure buildings from the dreadful effects which lightning sometimes produces,' said Mr A. 'This is done by fixing a pointed iron rod higher than any parts of the building, and joining to the lower end of it a wire which must communicate with the earth, or rather the nearest water: this rod the lightning will seize upon sooner than any part of the building; it will therefore descend along it, and then along the annexed wire, until it reaches the earth or water, when it will be dispersed without doing any harm.'

'I am glad, very glad, that I understand the cause of the wonderful phenomenon of thunder and lightning, papa: you have the art of explaining — of making every thing appear plain and easy. I think there are few things more awful and wonderful than thunder and lightning.'

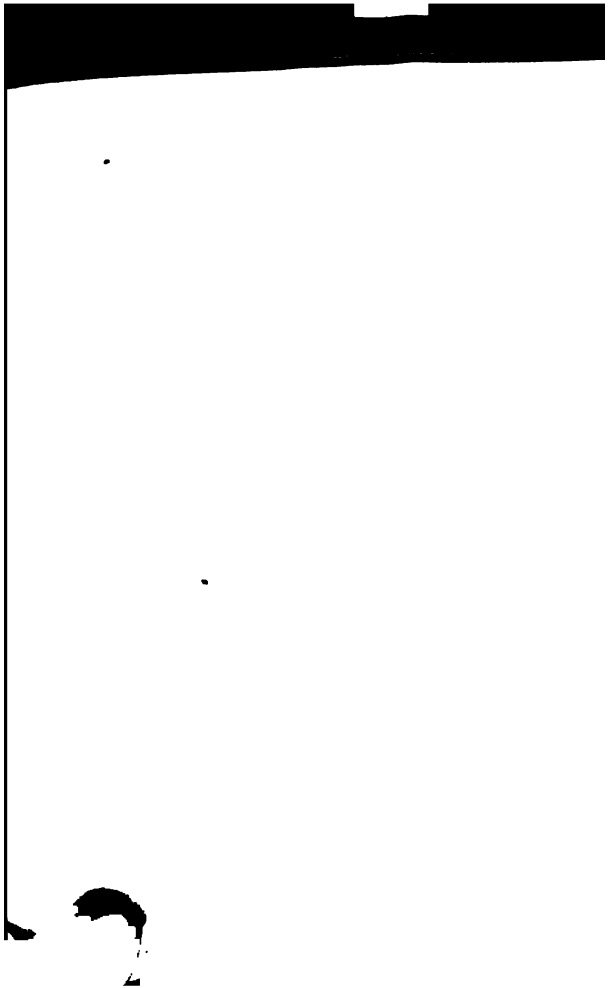
'Few,' said Mr A., 'more calculated to raise serious reflections; when we hear the thunder's tremendous clap, and see the lightning's vivid flash, we are naturally filled with wonder and awe; but instead of shrinking with terror when "gathering tempests cloud the vaulted skies," we should rely with full confidence upon that Almighty Power, by whose fiat their course is directed. The elements are in His hand:

'His word the raging tempest can control,
And bid the awful thunder cease to roll;
Can stay the raging of the boisterous main,
And make its billows sleep in peace again;

His hand can quench the liquid fiery flames
That flash across the vast aerial plains;
Can make the sun's enlivening beams arise,
And dissipate the darkness of the skies.'







CHILDREN OF THE COTTAGE.

One rosy morning, in the month of June,
I roamed across the fields; the dew-drops hung
Yet glistening on the grass; the birds were forth,
Singing their song of welcome, and the clouds
Were parting in the east to let the sun
Send forth his beams upon the wakened earth.
I wandered on, and as the freshening breeze
Fell on my cheek, and as I looked into
The sky's blue face, or on the forest trees
With their green depth of gloom, my heart swelled high
With thoughts of adoration and of joy.

A cottage, bosom'd among trees and flowers,
Now met my gaze, and leaning o'er the fence
Which barred its roses from the dusty road,
I looked upon a scene of peace and love,
Which like familiar music stirred my heart.
Two sisters—one with locks like golden threads—
The other with dark ringlets on her brow —
Both young and passing fair, were out of doors,
Feeding a brood of chickens newly fledged.
And Ellen — so the younger one was named —
Had caught one of the fledglings in her hand,
And held it till its little downy wings
Fluttered no more with fear.

The self-same act
Had oft been mine; and now it almost seemed
As if I were again a little child,
Open to every impulse of delight.
I turned away; but as I homeward bent
My lingering steps, far memories, which had slept

Long in my soul, rose up. My father's house,
The friends who there begirt me, and the scenes
Familiar to me in life's early spring—
All thronged upon me, till I fain would weep
And give my feelings vent in childish tears.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

'WHAT are you so busy about, Caroline?' said Alfred, peeping over his sister's shoulder one morning, and examining some little bits of amber, lace, spar, and glass, which she was sorting from among a larger collection, and placing in a small paper tray. 'What are you going to do with all those little things? — bits of amber, and little shells, and dragon-flies' wings, and glass beads, and pink bugles — what can you be about, Caroline?'

'You know very well what a kaleidoscope is, I believe,' replied his sister, 'well, papa is making one, and these little *morceaux* which excite your *curiosity* so much are to be put into it.'

'A kaleidoscope! a kaleidoscope!' exclaimed Alfred, in a tone of delight, 'is my dear papa really making a kaleidoscope? — the very thing of all things that I should like to see! Where is he? — I will beg of him to explain its construction to me. I have often wondered how such a variety of beautiful figures could be formed by little things like those in your tray, and I shall be very glad to know and understand all about it. Where is papa?'

'He is engaged in his study just now, I believe,' said Caroline, 'and you had better restrain your curiosity till by-and-by, my dear.'

Alfred put all his patience into requisition and exerted a noble self-denying resolution, for he knew that it is only selfish people who will allow others to leave their own pursuits in order to gratify *their* caprices, and Alfred was of too generous a temper to expect, or even to wish, such a thing. At length his father's step was heard *in the hall*, and he advanced to meet him.

'Are you at liberty to talk to me now, papa, or are you engaged?' said he, taking him by the hand.

'I am looking for Caroline,' replied his father. 'I wish to know whether she has sorted some little articles I gave her for that purpose, and which I want to put into the kaleidoscope I am making.'

'Yes, they are quite ready, papa, and will you allow me to watch you — will you explain the construction of a kaleidoscope to me?'

'Certainly, if you desire it. You know, my love, I am always willing to give you pleasure, I am always glad to give you an opportunity of acquiring useful information. In the first place, look into this kaleidoscope, which is perfectly finished, and tell me what you see.'

'Beautiful figures, papa, which vary as fast as I move the glass. There, now there is one pattern — and now another, — oh, that is pretty, far prettier than the last. I wish I could under-

stand the construction of this wonderful glass. May I pull it into pieces?"

'That kaleidoscope is not mine,' said Alfred's father, 'it is Louisa's. We must remember the motto, "Do as you would be done by;" I think we have no right to spoil what belongs to another, without first asking leave to do so. Besides, as I am just about to construct one on a similar plan, it would be but a needless experiment. Now look into it again, and tell me of how many parts the figure consists — how many sides it appears to have.'

'Ten, papa.'

'Very well,' said his father. 'In order to make my kaleidoscope, I am going to place these three bits of glass, each of which is about seven inches in length and one inch in breadth, into the form of a triangle, which I can easily manage by wrapping a bit of black paper round them; I choose black paper because when so dark an object is placed behind a bit of glass, that glass

forms a reflecting mirror — a looking-glass, if you please. There, now peep through it and tell me what you see.'

'Oh, papa, is it possible! really possible! I see that your kaleidoscope is made already; there, you hold the seal of your watch before it and I see directly ten seals; there is only one seal in reality, but that one is multiplied by reflection, and a perfect figure consisting of ten seals is formed; now it is before mamma's brooch, and I see ten brooches; — but I do not quite understand why it is so — or — oh, now — now I begin to have some little idea — I see your eye turned towards the looking-glass, papa — I recollect that you said something about looking-glasses — I think that this *long thing* is a sort of three-sided — triangular, I believe you call it — a sort of triangular looking-glass, and that each object which we see as we look through it, being *thrown back* — reflected, I mean — reflected to the opposite side, and *that* being reflected back again, and

so on, causes the perfect and beautiful and regularly formed figure that we see on looking through a real kaleidoscope. But then instead of looking at a seal or a brooch we look at a number of little things, such as bits of glass, and beads, and bugles, which are placed for the purpose in a little glass case, and, from their number and variety, produce the different patterns which are seen every time the kaleidoscope is moved.'

'Your definition is very correct, my dear boy,' said his father. 'This triangular glass is a very common optical instrument, and is called a *prism*. By fixing this prism in a tin tube, for the sake of convenience, and placing the little glass box that contains the beads, and bugles, and bits of glass, which Caroline has been sorting, at the bottom of the tube, we shall have a perfect kaleidoscope.

'Thus you see that causes perfectly simple in themselves often produce effects which, to the uninformed, appear most extraordinary. What can *be more simple* than to place three bits of

glass together in a triangular form, and yet how many people have been at a loss, on peeping into a kaleidoscope, to guess how such a beautiful variety of figures were formed—how many moments have been spent in vainly endeavoring to account for their appearance!'

'I have often puzzled myself about it to no purpose,' said Alfred, 'and I am very glad, papa, that I now understand its construction perfectly, and need not puzzle myself any more. I am very glad that I know what is meant by a *prism*, and more especially that I know the use of that instrument.'

'A prism is used by opticians for a variety of purposes,' said his father, 'you will hear, at some future time, how our great and illustrious philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton, made some of his most extraordinary discoveries by means of a simple prism.

'But at present I think your time may be as usefully occupied in learning this little poem

upon a kaleidoscope. When you can repeat it quite correctly, I will make you a present of that which I have been making.'

Alfred thanked his father, stationed himself in his favorite seat, the library chair, and began to learn the following lines:

'Mystic trifle! whose perfection
Lies in multiplied reflection,
Let us from thy sparkling store
Draw a few reflections more!
In thy magic circle rise
All things men so dearly prize,
Stars and crowns, and glittering things,
Such as grace the courts of kings;
Beauteous figures ever twining,
Gems with brilliant lustre shining—
Turn the tube—how quick they pass!
Crowns and stars prove broken glass!

Trifle! let us from thy store
Draw a few reflections more.
Who could from thy outward case
Half thy hidden bounties trace?

Who from such exterior show,
Guess the gems within that glow?
Emblem of the mind divine
Cased within its mortal shrine.
Once again the miser views
Thy sparkling gems, thy golden hues;
And ignorant of thy beauty's cause,
His own conclusion sordid draws:
Imagines thee a casket fair
Of gorgeous jewels, rich and rare;
Impatient his insatiate soul
To be the owner of the whole,
He breaks thee ope, and views within
Some bits of glass — a tube of tin!
Such are riches, valued true;
Such the illusions men pursue!'

FORGET ME NOT.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

THE star that shines so pure and bright
  Like a far-off place of bliss,
And tells the broken-hearted
  There are brighter worlds than this;
The moon that courses through the sky
  Like man's uncertain doom,
Now shining bright with borrowed light,
  Now wrapp'd in deepest gloom,—
Or when eclipsed, a dreary blank,
  A fearful emblem given
Of the heart shut out by a sinful world
  From the blessed light of Heaven;—

The flower that freely casts its wealth
Of perfume on the gale;
The breeze that mourns the summer's close
With melancholy wail;
The stream that cleaves the mountain's side,
Or gurgles from the grot—
All speak in their Creator's name,
And say 'Forget me not!'

When man's vain heart is swoln with pride,
And his haughty lip is curl'd,
And from the scorner's seat he smiles
Contempt upon the world;
Where glitter crowns and coronets,
Like stars that gem the skies,
And Flattery's incense rises thick,
To blind a monarch's eyes;
Where the courtier's tongue with facile lie
A royal ear beguiles;
Where suitors live on promises,
And sycophants on smiles;

Where each, as in a theatre,
Is made to play his part;
Where the diadem hides a troubled brow,
And the star an aching heart:
There, even there, mid pomp and power
Is oft a voice that calls
'Forget me not,' in thunder
Throughout the palace walls.

Or in the house of banqueting,
When the madd'ning bowl is flush,
And the shameless ribald boasts of deeds
For which his cheek should blush;
Where from the oft-drain'd goblet's brim
The eye of mirth is lit;
Where the cold conceits of a trifler's brain
Pass for the coin of wit;
Where Flattery sues to woman's ear,
And tells his tale again,
And Beauty smiles upon things so mean,
We blush to call them men;

Where 'tis sad to hear the flippant tongue
Apply its hackney'd arts;—
Oh, their heads would be the hollowest things
But for their hollower hearts!
But, hist! the reveller's shout is still'd,
The song, the jest forgot;
The hair is snapped, the sword descends
With a dread 'Forget me not!'

Go! hie thee to the rank churchyard,
Where flits the shadowy ghost,
And see how little pride has left
Whereon to raise a boast.
See Beauty claiming sisterhood
With the noisome reptile worm;—
Oh where are all the graces fled
That once array'd her form!
Fond hope no more on her smile will feed,
Nor wither at her frown:
Her head will rest more quiet now
Than when it slept on down.

With cloven crest and bloody shroud
The once proud warrior lies;
And the patriot's heart hath not one throb
To give to a nation's cries.
A solemn voice will greet thine ear
As thou lingerest round the spot,
And cry from out the sepulchre,
'Frail man, forget me not!'

'Forget me not,' the thunder roars,
As it bursts its sulphury cloud;
'Tis murmur'd by the distant hills,
In echoes long and loud;
'Tis written by the Almighty's hand
In characters of flame,
When lightnings gleam with vivid flash,
And his wrath and power proclaim.
'Tis murmur'd when the white wave falls
Upon the wreck-strewn shore,
As a hoary warrior bows his crest
When his day of work is o'er.

Go! speed thee forth when the beamy sun
O'erthrows the reign of night,
And strips the scene of its misty robe,
And arrays it in diamonds bright.
Oh! as thou drinkest health and joy
In the fresh and balmy air,
'Forget me not,' in a still small voice,
Will surely greet thee there.

Oh! who that sees the vermeil cheek
Grow day by day more pale,
And Beauty's form to shrink before
The summer's gentlest gale,
But thinks of Him, the mighty One,
By whom the blow is given,
As if the fairest flowers of earth
Were early plucked for Heaven.
Oh yes! on every side we see
The impress of his hand;—
The air we breathe is full of Him,
And the earth on which we stand.

Yet heedless man regards it not,
But life's uncertain day
In idle hopes and vain regrets
Thus madly wastes away.
But in his own appointed time
He will not be forgot;—
Oh! in that hour of fearful strife,
Great God, forget me not!

HISTORY OF ANNOT.

In Switzerland, though there are high and barren mountains, the tops of which are covered with snow, yet the valleys between these mountains are rich and luxuriant as a fine and cultivated garden: the fields of waving corn, the vineyards and woods, with the little hamlets interspersed, form a striking contrast to the blackness of those dreary mountains.

The hamlet in which Bernard and his family had lived, was situated in one of these beautiful valleys; and the cottage in which Annot was born, was as picturesque in appearance, and as *full of* comforts, as the Swiss cottages generally *are.* The lattice windows were beautifully hung

with vines and roses; the little territory surrounding the house was in the highest state of cultivation, and every part of the domain seemed sunshine, prosperity, and peace.

A few days only had been necessary to change the scene, at the time that Annot was about twelve years old. Her father, a high-spirited and sturdy Swiss peasant, lost his life by one of those accidents to which the strong and healthy are as liable as those who are nearest to the grave. His poor widow had now to support herself and her family by the work of her own hands alone; it was necessary therefore to leave this happy home, and to seek the meanest shelter for herself and her children.

On the borders of a dreary forest, and at the foot of one of these snow-topped mountains, there stood the remains of an old chateau, and near it a lonely cottage, which had not been inhabited for many years. It was said, that while *the mansion* which had now fallen to decay was

resided in by the noble family to whom it belonged, there had been many little cottages in the neighborhood inhabited by those who lived dependently upon their bounty; but when the chateau was left empty, their habitations were by degrees deserted: some were pulled down, and others left to decay, as nobody could venture to live so near the great forest, which was said to be infested with robbers; and indeed the distance from any town made it a most inconvenient situation, as none of the necessaries of life could be procured without a walk tedious, dangerous, and difficult: thus by degrees the hamlet disappeared.

There remained, however, this one cottage, which was still habitable, though forlorn and comfortless. The old steward of the family had lived in it, from attachment to the spot, long after every one else had departed; and in leaving it to his son, together with the earnings of a long life of service, had made it a condition that the old *house* should be kept as long as possible from

falling to decay. It was with much satisfaction that this son, despairing of any other tenant, offered this wretched dwelling to the widow and her children; and it was by her accepted with cheerfulness and gratitude.

Annot was about to weep as they passed, for the last time, through the little garden-gate, and began their melancholy walk; but she looked at her mother, and thought to herself, what must *she* feel; Is it for *me* to cry? Thus making a desperate effort to smother all selfish feeling, this noble-hearted child supported her spirits, and followed her mother with cheerful steps along a road which led them from a beloved and happy home to the dreary and desolate abode we have just described.

Cheerful industry can do much towards changing the face of the most desolate habitation. It was not long before the united efforts of the poor woman and her daughter Annot, produced

an air of cleanliness and neatness, both in the cottage and its little garden, which it was thought money alone could have done. This good mother never allowed her children to compare the evils of their present lot with the comforts of times past; but if ever a comparison was drawn, it was to be with those whose fate was still harder than their own. 'How happy! how thankful! ought we to be,' she would say, 'that a quiet and peaceful shelter is allowed to us, whilst many of our fellow-creatures are wandering over the world without food or shelter: and when I think of you, my dear little ones, and of the helpless, friendless state in which you *might* have been left, I cannot be too grateful that I am still spared to you, and for the blessing of health which is still granted to me.'

Genuine piety, instilled by example as well as precept, seldom fails to make its way to the heart; and in the minds of these children it produced the happiest effects, especially in that of Annot,

who had soon need of all the magnanimity that sound principles and a good conscience could give her.

It happened one evening that Annot, who had been out with her sister to collect firing, returned later than usual; and as they opened the door of the cottage, they beheld their mother stretched upon her bed apparently lifeless. 'Oh! mother, mother, what is the matter?' cried the children, running up to the bedside; 'Speak, speak to us, mother,' said Annot, in an agony of terror; but the poor woman was unable to reply. The exertions she had lately made had been too great for her strength; she had broken a blood-vessel, and was exhausted with the loss of blood: after a few moments, however, she sighed and opened her eyes;—her children were weeping over her.

'My poor babes,' said she, 'oh, what will become of you when I am gone?'—'Gone!' cried Annot, 'it cannot, cannot be.'—'Alas! my poor girl, the *same* misfortune happened to me once

before, but then your poor father was with me, and the good doctor was within our reach, and my life was saved; but he then said — that if the blood-vessel, for so he called it, broke again, my chance would be but small; and it has so happened — it has so pleased God — and here there is no help at hand. But do not cry, dearest! He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will protect my children.' — 'Mother,' said Annot, interrupting her, and speaking very quickly, 'what was that you said — no help? Where then does the doctor live who saved your life before?' — 'At ——, near the village, my child, that we have left,' said the poor woman, with an involuntary sigh; 'do not let us talk of him, but let me, while I can, advise you where to turn when I am ——' — 'Mother,' said Annot, drying her eyes, and speaking almost in a tone of authority, 'do not speak at all. God is too good, too merciful, I know he is; he will not take you from us: *rest* yourself, dear mother; for the love of your

poor children, be at peace; take but a little rest, and all will yet be well.'

'I will take rest, my child; and God in his mercy will, I doubt not, lay me down in peace, but not to wake again in this world.'—'Hush! hush! not another word,' said Annot, softly placing her mother's head upon the pillow. 'Jacqueline, you shall watch beside her, while I prepare something that will do her good.'

With these words Annot closed the curtains carefully, making a sign at the same time to her little sister, that she wanted to speak to her. 'Jacqueline, dear,' said she, in the softest whisper, 'you will stay by her bedside, and watch her till I come back again.'—'Come back again, Annot!' said Jacqueline, with a stare of surprise, 'why, where are you going?'—'Only a little way,' said Annot, reaching down her straw-hat and wrapping-cloak. — 'Oh! Annot, Annot, where can you be going, when mother is dying!' said Jacqueline, beginning to weep afresh.—

'Where should I go,' said Annot, 'but to
' place where help is to be found?' — 'What,
not! you cannot mean to——?' — 'Hush!'
Annot, 'for the whole world I would not tha
mother should hear you.' — 'But the forest,
gloomy forest,' repeated Jacqueline, with a
of terror; 'Oh! Annot, Annot, you will n
return — mother will die before you return
'God forbid!' said Annot solemnly: 'Go,
queline, pray for her, pray for me, and all wil
be well.'

Annot with these words laid her hands r
lutely on the cottage-door, and venturing
one glance towards her mother's bed, allo
herself not a moment longer for deliberation,
with desperate courage set forth.

The way she had to pass, was one which
person in the neighborhood, of any age, w
have attempted, except in open day; and e
then, such was the gloomy terror which prev
ed of the forest through which the path-way

cut, that it was seldom passed through by any solitary traveller; and every peasant contrived to secure to himself a companion before he ventured through its gloomy shades.

When Annot left her cottage the sun was only beginning to decline; and in sinking behind the tops of the mountains, it threw a golden light on the fields and woods, and hamlets, and every object in the valley. As she contemplated the splendid scene, poor Annot thought of the great and good God who gave the sun its light and lustre; and as she felt sure that he was looking down upon her, and that he would protect her, she lost all fear for herself. The hope that her mother would not die, but that she should be the means of saving her life, grew stronger every moment in her mind, and she walked forward as speedily as possible.

In Switzerland, as there is little of that light which we call twilight, the shades of night succeed almost suddenly to the splendor of the de-

clining sun: by the time, therefore, that this child reached the entrance of the forest, the cheering light that had conducted her to it was gone; but the pious thoughts that had supported her remained; and though the tall dark trees waved in gloomy silence before her, she hesitated not, but having discovered the pathway, by the help of the small lamp she held in her hand, she entered the dismal forest.

Poor little child! fearless from conscious innocence, and safe under the protection of Heaven, pursue thy way in peace: the road through life is dark and dreary, and none shall pass it safely but those who, like thee, commit themselves to the guidance of God, and place all their hopes on his mercy.

The physician who had on a former occasion succeeded in restoring poor Annot's mother to life, was not only a man of skill and science, but he was humane and benevolent. It so happened, that on the very evening on which this acci-

dent occurred, he returned later than usual to his family; and this circumstance added to the satisfaction with which they always greeted his arrival.

A physician, whose duty leads him through the day from one scene of sorrow and suffering to another, and who is so intimately acquainted with all the sad variety of ills that wait on human life, on returning in the evening to a peaceful and happy home, where rosy health and cheerful goodness animate the countenances of all who are dear to him, must feel most forcibly the happiness he is permitted to enjoy; and it was a sentiment of pious gratitude, that drew tears into the eyes of this good man, as he looked round upon the group of smiling faces with which his table was surrounded.

As soon as the children had received their father's blessing, and were dismissed to bed, the good doctor began as usual to acquaint his wife with the success of his labors.

'The good old lady at the chateau, my dear,' said he, 'is a little better, and last night slept for a whole hour together; the poor gentleman is sensibly worse, and I am afraid must die. Nothing can save the child who is ill with the fever, and its mother now has caught the infection. The boy who fell from the ladder will probably do well, if he submits to have his arm cut off; but my poor patients, those two unfortunate sisters, who I told you were so attached to each other, being left alone in the world, must, alas! be separated; the eldest now has every symptom of a decline, and I have lost all hope of her recovery. In one instance, however, my dear,' continued he, 'I thank God, my endeavors have been crowned with success; the young heir to the great estate near Lucerne, is entirely restored from the alarming seizure; and the happy parents, who know not how to give me sufficient proof of their gratitude and liberality, have offered to me a pretty little cottage, in a neighboring

hamlet, which, as it is surrounded by a little garden in a high state of cultivation, they think will be useful to me as a summer residence for my wife and children.'

'It will be delightful for us, my dear,' said his wife; 'shall you accept this offer?'—'I know that it was made me in sincerity of heart,' he replied, 'and I shall, therefore, accept it. The cottage has been left empty since the death of the last tenant, of the name of Bernard, upon whose wife, I remember, I once attended in a dangerous illness.'

'And what became of the widow and her children?'—'That I do not yet know,' replied the doctor; 'but if I can, I will find out, for they were well worthy of assistance and attention, and, I should think, must be in great distress: let us therefore, my dear,' said he, 'make it our care to-morrow, to seek out the present abode of these unfortunates; and, thankful for the bless-

ings which are heaped upon us, endeavor in our turn to distribute from our abundance.'

Such was the frame of mind in which this good man retired to rest, little knowing how soon that rest was to be broken, and those feelings called into action.

All was still, and every eye was closed in sleep, when poor Annot, breathless and faint, and almost dead with fatigue and anxiety, reached the door of the physician's house.

Till this moment she had considered only the difficulty of reaching the house; it had never occurred to her that there was any doubt that the physician would be ready to attend to her request; but she now recollected that she had no right to disturb the house, and stood rooted to the ground with a feeling of despair, when she considered that she had nothing to offer as a compensation for the services she was about to solicit. In an instant, however, she lost even this feeling, in the enthusiasm of childhood.

'When he knows how very ill my poor mother is,' said she to herself, 'I know he will come to her;' and she immediately knocked at the door with all the little strength she could muster.

Surely it was a kind Providence that had prepared the heart of this good man to listen to poor Annot's simple tale, which penetrated him with astonishment and admiration at her heroic conduct, and determined him, in spite of the late hour of the night, his wife's apprehensions, and his own fatigue, to repair without loss of time to the widow's cottage.

Seated by the side of the good doctor, in his comfortable and useful, though not very splendid travelling equipage, the poor little girl was soon conveyed in safety to the cottage-door.

'Your mother,' said he, as he held the hand of the poor woman, and felt her pulse, whilst Annot listened as if afraid to breathe, 'your mother will live, my dear child, and it is you who will have

saved her life; for a few hours more, and all hope of recovery would have been at an end.'

On hearing these delightful words, Annot and her little sister, with all the ardor of genuine piety, raised their hands and eyes with pious thankfulness to Heaven, and by this simple action proved that their hopes were in reality rested there.

Their kind-hearted friend the physician, deeply penetrated with the scene before him, exerted himself to the utmost in behalf of this interesting family; and by his benevolent and tender care, the poor woman was soon restored to her former health.

'There remains but one thing more to be done,' said the good doctor, 'to complete your recovery; change of air and scene, for a fortnight's time, I consider absolutely necessary; and I therefore desire that you and your two girls will be ready to set out to-morrow, when I shall call to convey

you to a lodging which I have prepared for the purpose.'

The hour was fixed; the doctor was punctual to his appointment; and the happy mother, full of gratitude, was ready to accompany him.

It was a fine summer's day, and the country was in its highest state of beauty. To the poor invalid, who had been shut up so long within the walls of her miserable dwelling, it seemed like a new world of delight!

'The common air, the earth and skies,
To her were opening Paradise.'

But how shall we describe her feelings, or those of the delighted Annot, when, having passed over that part of the road which led through the forest, the carriage soon after stopped — not at the lodging she had expected, but at the little garden gate of their own deserted little mansion!

The sun was shining upon the lattice windows,

the vines were hanging in clusters round them, the flowers were blowing, and the birds were singing just as they used to do. 'Oh!' said Annot, bursting into tears, 'this is only a dream, I am sure it is only a dream, but I wish I could never wake!'

'No, my excellent child,' said the doctor, 'it is no dream; it is only the reward of your filial piety — your noble and courageous conduct. It was by these that I became acquainted with the story of your mother's sufferings; and having witnessed the genuine piety and simple goodness of her children, I am convinced that I am doing myself a service, in requesting them to become my tenants, and to inhabit once more the cottage of which I am now the possessor.'



A. Fisher Jun.

C. Peltro sc.

CARLO.

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CARLO.

On a pleasant afternoon in summer, just as the sun was beginning to decline in the west, three schoolfellows were wandering through the forest paths, which led to their homes. They lived in a section of the country, which has not even yet been cleared and settled by the advancing step of civilization, and which, at the time of my story, was often the haunt of some wild animals, who were at least a match for an unarmed and unprotected man. The boys, however, were evidently under no apprehension from danger of this kind, and they laughed, ran and shouted with the full gaiety of high animal spirits, undarkened by any of the every-day ills of life.

At last they came to a moss-covered rock, by the side of a shallow run of water, and they sat down at the base of the rock, to rest themselves for a few moments. The place where they stopped presented a scene, which may often be witnessed in our American forests. The tall trees swung their branches over them, and through an opening or vista on one side the eye might roam over the distant hills, which veiled the horizon from the view.

While the three young companions were sporting beneath the shadow of the rock, a slight noise was heard in the bushes, and the next moment their favorite playmate, Carlo, bounded into the midst of them. Carlo was a dog of the spaniel breed, and it was his delight to traverse the woods, with the boys of his master's family. His coming was now welcomed severally by all with caresses and words of endearment. But he had not fawned upon them long, ere he started up in evident agitation, and began to bark fu-

riously. The boys, supposing that he had merely seen a rabbit or squirrel, did not take much notice of his noise; but at last looking in the direction of the sounds, they beheld a panther crouching on the ground, and glaring on them in a way, which was any thing but polite or agreeable. They at once ceased from their sports, and Henry dropped the straw, with which he had just been attempting to tickle Charles's ear. They rose up, and scrambled across the brook in the direction of their homes.

In the mean time Carlo was barking with undiminished energy at the unwelcome intruder. The panther bounded over him in the direction of the retreating boys. But the dog instantly got before him again and stood boldly opposed. The wild enemy, as if amazed at the audacity of a creature so inferior in size and strength, crouched upon the ground, as if meditating how to act. The result of his meditations evidently was to crush his yelping antagonist at once,

for he made a tremendous bound in the direction of the dog; but the latter, by dexterously running forward at the moment, again avoided the clutches of his powerful opponent. Once more did the brave little Carlo place himself in front of the infuriated panther, who bounded upon him more suddenly than before. The dog escaped with a slight wound in his ear, and again opposed himself to his baffled foe. In this manner, Carlo kept retreating, till a shot from an experienced woodsman went through the heart of the panther.

The boys escaped to their homes, somewhat frightened, but safe and sound. Carlo soon joined them, and seemed fully to enjoy and understand the praises and caresses, which were lavished upon him. His wound was properly taken care of, but a scar remained, which was always visible. Whenever the story of his bold resistance to the panther was related, Carlo would rise up, wag his tail, and place his head

upon his master's knee, so that he might point out the place where he was wounded. No old veteran of the revolution could be prouder of his wooden leg, than was Carlo of the scar, which remained a memorial of his gratitude and his bravery.

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Messages from the Living to the Dead are not uncommon in the Highlands. The Gaels have such a ceaseless consciousness of Immortality, that their departed friends are considered as merely absent for a time; and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affection.

THOU'RT passing hence, my brother!
Oh! my earliest friend, farewell!
Thou'rt leaving me without thy voice,
In a lonely home to dwell;
And from the hills, and from the hearth,
And from the household tree,

With thee departs the lingering mirth,
The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!
Thou'rt speeding to the shore
Where the dirge-like tone of parting words,
Shall smite the soul no more!
And thou wilt see our holy dead,
The lost on earth and main;
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell thou our friend of boyhood,
That yet his name is heard
On the blue mountains, whence his youth
Pass'd like a swift bright bird;
The light of his exulting brow,
The vision of his glee,
Are on me still — oh! still I trust
That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
The rose cut down in spring,
That yet my gushing soul is fill'd
With lays she loved to sing;
Her soft deep eyes look through my dreams,
Tender and sadly sweet;
Tell her my heart within me burns
Once more that gaze to meet!

And tell our white hair'd father,
That in the paths he trod,
The child he loved, the last on earth,
Yet walks, and worships God;
Say, that his last fond blessing yet
Rests on my soul like dew,
And by its hallowing might I trust
Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,
That o'er her grave I pour

The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore!
Happy thou art, that soon, how soon!
Our good and bright will see:
Oh! brother, brother! may I dwell,
Ere long with them and thee!

THE FORCE OF PATERNAL LOVE.

A NATIVE of Brescia, in Italy, hopin
means of his wealth, to obtain some hon
post under government, which might add
to his name, employed every method h
devise for that purpose; but, finding tha
attempts proved unsuccessful, he at le
came highly indignant, and determined
the wrongs which he fancied he had e

In conversation he was continually
against the various abuses that pr
especially deplored the frequent r
murders that happened in the
whole of which he imputed to th

administration: and never failed to vent his complaints whenever he found an opportunity.

Many persons, seditiously inclined, listened with pleasure to his harangues, and insisted on his heading their party; intending to execute a plan they had formed of separating themselves from the republic, and placing themselves under the protection of the Duke of Mantua.

The Brescian's wife, seeing the danger to which his rashness had exposed him, with tears entreated that, if he had no compassion on himself or her, he would at least show some pity to their children. He, however, though a good husband and an affectionate father, resolved that he would not relinquish his design: besides, the number of his adherents increased daily, who, armed and resolute, had already begun to signify their intention, and had persuaded many of their countrymen to join their cause.

In the mean time, the Venetians, gaining intelligence of this rebellion, despatched a numer-

ous body of soldiers, under the command of an experienced captain, to Brescia. The Brescians retreated to their citadel, which at that period was one of the best in Italy, and from thence they kept up a continual fire upon their besiegers, without the latter being able to annoy them in return. The Venetian captain, therefore, at length, offered terms of capitulation, which the Brescians of the fortress, who had perceived a considerable reinforcement advancing from a distance, immediately agreed to. The articles were — that the citadel should be surrendered to the enemy; that the leader of the revolters should be banished, but that his fortune should not be confiscated; and that all the rest should receive an unlimited pardon. After this agreement, hostilities entirely ceased, and the succors that were marching against the citadel returned back.

The Brescian leader now sought an asylum beyond the Venetian territory, where he hoped to live in some degree of comfort on a part of his

revenue; but how great was his surprise, and how severe his distress, when he heard that the Senate had not only confirmed his sentence of banishment, but had, contrary to the terms concluded with the Venetian general, confiscated all his possessions.

On the receipt of this intelligence, his heart was torn with anguish, since his unfortunate wife and children, as well as himself, were now deprived of every means of providing for their subsistence. The night came, and he retired to his bed; but he could not close his eyes without being haunted by terrifying dreams, in which he seemed to behold his wife and children in the agonies of death. Several times he seemed on the point of loosing his senses. But at length chance offered him a way of relieving the necessities of his family, by an action truly heroic, and deserving of immortal fame.

It may here be necessary to inform the reader, that the Venetian laws relative to banishment

were such, that if an exile were taken any where on the republican territories, he was condemned to certain death; but should he take and bring to justice, either dead or alive, another exile, whose crimes were greater than his own, he was entitled to a pardon. It happened that a very rich Venetian gentleman, who had been banished for some trifling cause, fixed his residence in the neighborhood of this Brescian. He accordingly informed himself of the nature of the gentleman's disgrace, and presenting himself before him one day, addressed him as follows:—'I know, sir, that you are banished from the republic, and that you are extremely anxious to return to your native land, and the bosom of your family. Now, if you will agree to reward me, I will enable you to go thither not only free from danger, but with the unanimous approbation of the Senate.'

The gentleman, who sat in a thoughtful and melancholy posture, with his eyes cast down, raised his head at these words, and looking stead-

fastly at the speaker, said: 'I can scarcely believe it possible that you should be able to perform your promise; but, if you really can, I will reward you even beyond your hopes.' The Brescian then said: 'Sir, if you will give me a thousand crowns, I will put a man in your power, who was banished by the republic for much greater crimes than yours; and on your delivering him, either alive or dead, into the hands of justice, your sentence will be null and void; and, besides that, you will be received with applause; for the person I will give up to you is mortally hated by the Senate.'

'Well,' rejoined the Venetian, 'I will give you a draft for a thousand crowns, drawn on whatever city of Italy you choose to name; but I will not make it payable under three days after sight, that I may have time to prevent its being paid in case you should not fulfil your engagement.'

This agreement being made, the note was drawn on the bank of Brescia, and the Brescian,

having enclosed it in a letter, sent it off by express to his wife. He then returned to the gentleman, and said: 'Be pleased, sir, to come along with me, that I may put an end to your banishment.'

They accordingly set out together, and directed their route towards the Venetian dominions. On arriving at a small village on the frontiers of the republic, the Brescian thus addressed his companion: 'We are now, sir, on the Venetian possessions. You have undoubtedly heard of the exile who headed the rebellion at Brescia—this is the person I mean to consign to your power.' At these words, the gentleman turned pale, knowing him to be a man of determined courage; and began to fear that he would frustrate their plan of either apprehending or killing him.

The Brescian, perceiving what passed in his mind, added: 'Do not fear his making any resistance:' then drawing his sword from its scabbard, he presented it to him, saying—'Sir, I am

that exile — now dispose of me as you judge proper; but if you feel any compassion for my misfortunes, I earnestly entreat, instead of delivering me alive into the hands of justice, that you will yourself strike off my head; and this, on being sent to Venice, will insure your free return. I have a wife and four dear children at Brescia; and I have sold my life to preserve theirs, which otherwise would fall a sacrifice to absolute want. They must have received the deed of gift before now, and I shall die contented, for my death will save their lives!'

At these words, the gentleman remained mute with astonishment and admiration, and knew neither what to do nor say: when the Brescian, seeing him thus irresolute, continued: 'Sir, you should not hesitate to strike the blow; since, if you refuse it, I shall be certainly doomed to an ignominious death.'

The gentleman, thinking that such an instance of heroic self-devotedness not only demanded

some mitigation of the laws, but also entitled him to a free pardon, replied: 'Well, I will conduct you to Venice; gold, friends, and the respect which is naturally paid to such distinguished heroism, will certainly save you.' The former used every argument in his power to dissuade him from his purpose, and convince him that he entertained not the least hope of his life being spared; but still the gentleman insisted on conducting him alive to Venice.

On their arrival in that city, they went together to a magistrate, to whom they faithfully related every circumstance. The gentleman's sentence of banishment was accordingly revoked; but the law condemned the Brescian to death, and the judges pronounced the terrible award. The gentleman offered immense sums to save him, and interested his most powerful friends in his behalf, but all proved in vain.

The wife of this unfortunate man, the instant his doom reached her, quitted Brescia, and has-

tened with her four children to Venice, where, hurrying towards the prison, they met the unhappy criminal on his way to the place of execution. Instead of sinking into vain regrets and fruitless tears, or lamentations on seeing him, she, together with her children, clung round him; and addressing herself to the populace and the officers who attended, exclaimed:—'Back! Lead the prisoner back!—Where are the judges, who pronounced the infamous sentence?—I insist on seeing them! I will speak to them! And, if the law cannot save him, I will know whether a wife may not die for her husband. I, who owe my life to his heroic virtue, will give that life for him! And, should the law refuse my just demand, I never will survive him.' Then throwing her arms round her husband's neck, she returned with him to the hall of justice. The people, who were acquainted with every circumstance, and were extremely affected at her words and manner, began to rise in a

tumult, and loudly demanded the criminal's pardon. The Senate immediately assembled; and, after various discussions, the Brescian's sentence was revoked, and all his fortune restored to him. He then returned to Brescia, became a very good citizen, and, being afterwards employed in a public capacity by the Senate, was of considerable service to the republic, and particularly to the city of Brescia, his native place, where he deservedly enjoyed the love and esteem of every individual, as a man well entitled by his virtuous heroism to immortal fame.

THE REWARD OF HOSPITALITY.

DARK was the night, and dreadful was the storm, when James Corbett was roused from his hammock by a cry of 'A leak! a leak! All hands to the pumps!' Without a moment's delay, he hurried on his clothes, and flew to the assistance of his shipmates; but, alas! their exertions were unavailing. The lightning, which glared through the profound darkness, only served to discern the rocks on which they had already struck; and the terrific thunder, which rolled over their heads, added fresh terror to the lamentations of those who considered that, in a few moments, they

might be forever swallowed up in the bosom
the ocean.

After laboring at the pumps till his streng
was completely exhausted, James went up
deck, in the hope of recovering his breath a
strength. Here, however, he had the misfortu
to behold his beloved father perish before
eyes; and, in a few moments, he himself w
swept into the sea by a tremendous wave, wh
broke over the ship with irresistible violen
Providentially, however, the vessel was at a v
short distance from the coast, and, as the t
was setting in strongly towards the shore,
young sailor was thrown upon the beach bef
he was completely deprived of his senses.

After waiting till daybreak, he looked arou
and perceived a church at a short distance. T
suggested the propriety of his returning thar
to the Almighty for his miraculous preservatio
and this duty he performed, in the best manı
he could, before he attempted to set forwa

and then, committing himself to the protection of Heaven, he wandered he knew not whither, having neither a hat upon his head nor shoes on his feet,—destitute of a single penny, and dependant upon the charity of strangers even for the means of breaking his fast.

After walking several hours, our young mariner arrived at a pleasant spot between Dover and Sandgate, where Ralph Martin was accustomed to keep his father's sheep. In this place Ralph had passed the greater part of his life, a stranger to the gratifications of luxury and the wants of ambition. He was alike exposed to the scorching heats of summer, and the pinching frosts of winter; yet, if his sheep were healthy and his lambkins numerous, he was always perfectly contented. He thought it no toil to lead them up and down the hills, if by the change they obtained better pasture.

The weather on the preceding night having been extremely tempestuous, and the coast being

strewed with wreck, Ralph felt the tear of sympathetic tenderness start into his eyes as he gazed around, when the shipwrecked sailor lad approached him, and earnestly solicited a morsel of bread. Ralph's scrip was not very well replenished, but what he had he freely gave, and sincerely wished it had been more. The poor boy, whom he relieved, thanked him with unaffected gratitude, and informed him of the particulars of his shipwreck. His father, he said, had been captain of a vessel, which traded from Civita Vecchia to London. They were returning from a very prosperous voyage, when they were overtaken in the Channel by a gale of wind: it continued three days, and they were at length wrecked on the coast of Kent. He saw his father, in endeavoring to catch hold of a rope, miss his aim, and fall overboard. He was then carried into the sea by an overwhelming wave, and only escaped death by being thrown upon the beach.

The youth wept as he gave this recital; and

Ralph, whose kind heart felt for every one, wept also. He had two shillings and a few halfpence in his pocket, and these constituted his only possessions, but he gave them willingly to relieve a fellow-creature in distress. As the youth had travelled a long way without shoes, he very thankfully accepted Ralph's offer of remaining with him till the next day. Accordingly, they continued with the sheep till it was time for them to be taken home, and then Ralph led his guest to his father's cottage. He introduced him to his mother, and she, with great good-nature, prepared to broil them a slice of bacon for their supper. This was a most delicious treat to the sailor; and Ralph, who had given away his dinner, thought it more than usually good. After supper, they retired to rest; and the next morning, when Ralph led out his flock, the poor traveller, being offered a pair of old shoes and a hat, took his leave with many thanks, and recommenced his weary journey.

Several years passed away, and Ralph had almost forgotten the circumstance. He had, indeed, had sufficient on his mind to make him forget occurrences even more important; having for a long time led a life of sorrow. His father, who had always been fond of drinking and bad company, had at length indulged himself in these propensities till every thing was sacrificed for their gratification. It was in vain that Ralph endeavored to stem the torrent; in vain he exerted his industry: all was of no avail. His father's extravagance knew no bounds whilst any thing remained which could be sold. The flock, by degrees, was parted with, then the furniture of the little cottage, and at length the cottage itself. Nor was this all: debts accumulated, which there was no means of defraying. The man was obliged to abscond; and his wife and her son found themselves, in the middle of a severe winter, without shelter or the means of subsistence.

Ralph, however, being well known, and generally respected, soon engaged himself as shepherd to a neighboring farmer, and hired a small hovel, which stood at the foot of a hill adjoining the common. Here he lived, penuriously indeed, but contentedly — thankful that he could procure for his mother even this shed. The poor woman, smitten by misfortune, and borne down by advancing years, was incapable of doing any thing for herself; and Ralph had not only to support, but to nurse her. He often found this task very difficult; but, in proportion to his necessities, he increased his exertions; and Heaven, which rewards filial piety and industry, gave a blessing to all his efforts. He was enabled to pay the rent of his cottage, and to discharge some of the debts his father had left, which being due to some of the poorest of the cottagers, they were ill able to lose. For this, he was indeed obliged to toil very hard, and almost to starve himself; but he cheerfully endured all

wever, whom she had also be-
ome degree revived her spirits.
find she was left in comfortable
uent circumstances; and as there
ovision for each of the children, I
e, and embarked with it for the
where I had a cousin, who had long
assist him in his business. I was
him with the utmost kindness, and
operty turned to the best account.
rs of successful industry made me a
and as soon as I could settle my af-
rned to England. I found my mother
nd my brothers and sisters fixed in dif-
ations. I have paid every debt I might
tracted with them, and my only account
mains unbalanced is that I have to settle
n.'

n *me*, sir?' said Ralph; 'you have noth-
settle with *me*! The trifling assistance
ceived was not worth remembering; it

was only what I should gladly have given to any one in your circumstances. Times have altered a good deal since, and I often feel the greatest grief in witnessing distress which I have not the power to relieve.'

'But you *shall* have the power,' answered the gentleman. 'Independence could never be better placed than in your hands. But we will talk of these things to-morrow. Now give me my supper, as you promised, for I have travelled a good way to-day, and am rather tired.'

Ralph prepared his simple fare, and then showed his guest to his humble bed.

Next morning, the little story of the misfortunes with which Ralph had had to struggle was recounted. The stranger, eager to place him in a happier lot, purchased a neat cottage; and having stocked it with every necessary, and added fifty sheep, the happy Ralph was made owner of it, and lived many years in that prosperity which usually follows industry and in-

tegrity. His benefactor generally called once or twice a year to see him; and the peasantry for miles around often amused their children with repeating the good fortune which proved a reward of hospitality.

THE END.











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